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The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT,
HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS

With its first issue in July which will mark the beginning of its thirty-eighth volume, The Christian Union will go to its readers in an entirely new dress of type, which has been specially cast for its use. Every endeavor has been made to insure clearness, attractiveness, and beauty, and neither time nor money has been spared to secure a style of typography which will give the paper a form worthy of the purpose of its managers and the admiration of its host of friends.

THE OUTLOOK.

OUR readers will find on page 804 a report from our own correspondent of the proceedings of the Republican Convention to and including Saturday, and on page 824 the platform adopted by the Convention. This platform demands a free ballot and an honest count, and charges the Democratic party with denying both; it opposes Chinese and contract labor, calls for legislation against trusts and monopolies, claims for the Republican party credit for the restoration of the public domain to actual settlers, urges the admission of South Dakota and enabling acts for Washington, North Dakota, and Montana, pledges the party to vigorous measures against polygamy, advocates gold and silver apparently on an equal footing, calls for one-cent letter postage, National aid to public education, adequate appropriations for the rebuilding of the navy and the construction of coast defenses, condemns the Democratic party for failure to promote American commercial interests in Central and South America, and for equal failure to protect American fisheries on the Canadian coast, reasserts its Civil Service Reform platform of 1884, and advocates liberal pensions. Its most significant declaration, however, is upon the subject of protection. This clause is said to have been drafted by Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, and is uncompromising and vigorous in its denunciation of the Mills bill and in its demand for the maintenance of a protective system. For this purpose it proposes to repeal all taxes upon tobacco and upon spirits used in the arts, and, if necessary, to repeal the entire internal revenue system. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, has an honorable record as a lawyer, a soldier, and a statesman. He is the grandson of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States in 1841, and famous for the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign, and great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. General Harrison has been a Republican since 1856. He was made a brigadier-general for gallant conduct at the battles of Resaca and Peach Tree Creek; from 1881 to 1887 he was a United States Senator from Indiana, and as such was regarded, though not as a leader, as a strong speaker and able man. Levi P. Morton, of New York, the Republican candidate for Vice President, has had a successful career as a banker, was a member of Congress in 1879–79 and was made Minister to France by President Garfield. At the last moment the Convention added to its platform a mild temperance plank declaring that "the Republican party cordially sympathize with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."

The country is to be congratulated on the fact that Mr. Facing-Both-Ways is no longer intrusted with the duty of drafting our political platforms. The utterances of both the Republican and the Democratic parties are explicit, courageous, manly. There is no misunderstanding their meaning. Even their silences are significant. For the silence of one platform on the temperance issue and the slight attention paid it in the other we take to signify that both parties regard the regulation of the saloon as a matter to be determined by State or local, not by National, legislation. The friends of Civil Service Reform will take courage from the fact that both parties affirm their faith in that movement; and although it is true that neither party has proved its faith by works that are altogether satisfactory, the fact that both parties think that a confession of such faith is necessary is significant of the tendency of public sentiment on this subject. We note with equal gratification the fact that both parties indorse the fundamental principle underlying the Inter-State Commerce bill and the measures for the restoration of the public domain to actual settlers. In this we see a great progress in public sentiment toward principles which The Christian Union has been steadily urging for five or six years past. We have commented elsewhere on the tariff issue as presented by the two contrasted platforms of the two great political organizations, and we have here only to add that the issue between the two great parties is so plain that he who runs may read, and that in this election a protection Democrat or a free-trade Republican would be a contradiction in terms.

President Cleveland sometimes seems to us a little slow in correcting the mistakes of his subordinates. But we can readily understand that a conscientious President will always be overworked and always behindhand in such phases of his work as can be postponed to a more convenient season. Appeals from subordinates will necessarily come in this category. To this consideration we attribute the President's slowness in modifying the wholly un-American order of the Indian Department on the subject of the use of the vernacular in the Indian schools. That modification has, however, come at last, in response to a committee appointed by the Presbyterian General Assembly on this subject. The order in its present form forbids the use of the vernacular in Government schools substantially as before, and in contract schools, to which the Government contributes, limits its use to religious instruction. In purely mission schools—that is, in schools toward whose support the Government contributes nothing—instruction may be conducted "in the manner approved by those who maintain the schools, provided that one-half of the school hours shall be employed in instruction in English;" and even this proviso, if we understand the order aright, is not applied to native Indian teachers in localities where there are no Government or contract schools in which English is taught. This order does not fully concede the principle for which we have contended; namely, that volunteer, missionary, or philanthropic organizations should be permitted to exercise absolutely untrammeled liberty in teaching. But as the order gives all the liberty which missionary organizations will practically wish to exercise in their teaching, it would perhaps be hypercritical to find any fault with it, and we have no doubt that it will realize the President's expressed hope "that the conclusion reached as embodied in the paper will settle the troubles in question."

Mr. Lodge some time ago introduced a bill extending the operation of the Civil Service law to include the railroad mail service. Why should not a bill be introduced extending its operation to the Indian service? Both departments are exempt from the law now, but it is difficult to see any reason why either does not stand in as great need of the application of Civil Service rules as any department now within the operation of the Civil Service law. Both departments require business habits, training, and faculty of a high order. The Indian service has suffered as much under the present Administration from interference for political reasons as any other department of the Government. Its employees, whether agents or teachers, are charged with very difficult tasks, and are so circumstanced for the most part as to be exempted from public inspection. The opportunities for abuse are very great, and the loss to the Government from inefficiency is also very great, but by no means so great as the loss which comes to the unfortunate Indian from either cause. The efficiency of the Indian Department, in the judgment of many who are most familiar with it, has been materially reduced by the removals and appointments under its recent administration. If there is any field of administration which demands, for moral and political reasons, the most honorable and business-like methods, it is this field.

The German Reichstag was opened with brilliant ceremony on Monday by the new Emperor in person. The speech read by William II. will do much to allay the feeling caused by the threatening tone of his address to the army and navy. That its declaration that the pacific policy of the Emperor's father and grandfather will be continued is more than conventional is shown in the strength and iteration of its expression. It is clear that the address is from the mind, if not, as seems very

probable, actually from the pen, of Bismarck. It says, in no uncertain language:

"In foreign politics I am resolved to maintain peace with every one, so far as it lies in my power. My love for the German army and my position in it would never induce me to attempt to endanger for the country the benefits of peace unless the necessity for war is forced upon us by a hostile attempt on the Empire or one of its allies. Our army will assure us peace; or if peace be broken it will enable us to fight for it with honor. That, with God's help, will be possible for it to do by reason of the strength it has derived from the army laws you recently unanimously voted. To employ this strength for offensive wars is far from my heart. Germany needs neither new military renown nor any conquest, since she finally won for herself by fighting the right to exist as a united and independent nation."

Another utterance of the address is worth careful consideration, though it is not quite as clear in meaning. We refer to that bearing on the social condition of the country and its labor problems. It promises such action "that imperial legislation may afford to the working people that further protection which, in accordance with Christian morality, is needed by the weak and oppressed in their struggle for existence. I hope that in this way it may be possible to arrive at an equalization of unhealthy social contrasts. . . . I also hold myself bound to support our national and social development within the paths of legality, and sternly to oppose all efforts the aim and tendency of which shall be to undermine public order."

The death of the German Emperor has for the moment overshadowed all other interests on the Continent, but the French are becoming very restive under the extraordinary restrictions which the German Government has lately imposed upon Alsace-Lorraine—restrictions which amount to the revival of the most oppressive and vexatious forms of the antiquated passport system. These restrictions practically shut Frenchmen out of the countries which formerly belonged to them. Under these regulations all Frenchmen visiting Alsace-Lorraine must not only present passports which have been *visèed* at the German embassy in Paris, but the passports may be detained twelve days in order that the names may be submitted to the authorities at Strasbourg. A Frenchman living on the boundaries of the conquered provinces may be obliged to wait nearly three weeks before he can cross an imaginary line into a country where his own language is spoken and where his own kinsmen may live. When the passport has been *visèed* and the traveler has entered Alsace-Lorraine, he is compelled, if he proposes to remain longer than twenty-four hours, to secure a permission of residence, which must be renewed at the end of two months. Such regulations as these in modern times constitute a practical exclusion from the country of those upon whom they are imposed. A recent issue of the "North German Gazette," after stating that the Germanization of the German provinces is prevented by the closeness of their relations with France, goes on to declare that it is desirable that the intercourse between the two nations be restricted, and that the Germans will not regret if the French Government, taking counter measures, keeps Germans out of France. This looks very like a system of non-intercourse, and can hardly be interpreted in the interests of peace.

The recent Liberal victory in Ayr does not lose in importance as the results are more carefully analyzed. On the contrary, it becomes more significant, and it is generally regarded by both parties as the severest blow with which the Conservative Ministry has yet met. The result at Southampton was due, no doubt, in part to local matters, and to discontent with the licensing clauses of the Local Government bill, and on these grounds the Conservatives were able in a measure to explain away the force of their reverses. In the Ayr borough no such influences were at work, and the result can only be interpreted as a clear and distinct indorsement of Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule. At the previous election Captain Sinclair, who stood for the Gladstonian Liberals, was defeated by a majority of 1,173; the same candidate has now been elected by a majority of 63—a gain for the Liberals of 1,238 votes. This verdict carries the greater weight because the Scotch are slow to change their convictions on questions of any sort, and such reversal of opinion cannot but be interpreted as indicating a general movement among the electors at large; a change brought about, not by the shifting currents of political feeling, but as the result of discussion and deliberation. The voice of Southampton and Ayr is not likely to modify in any respect the programme of the Conservative Ministry on the questions of Coercion and Home Rule. They have so committed themselves on both these questions that they have cut off any chance of retreat. The results must not be taken, therefore, as forerunners of any modification of the Conservative Irish policy. They may be significant, however, of a general change of opinion among the electors of the United Kingdom.

The Prohibition ratification meeting held in the Metropolitan Opera-House last Friday evening was a notable gathering. The vast audience was not of the type which usually assembles in that hall. It consisted of plain, serious-looking people, such as fill the churches in our country towns. The meeting had many of the characteristics of a great religious revival. Religious sentiments were almost as frequently appealed to as political sentiments. The candidates who were here formally notified of their nomination were greeted with storms of applause, which were repeated whenever a telling point was made in any of the speeches. The refusal of the Republican Convention to incorporate an anti-saloon plank into its platform was declared by all the speakers to signify a vast accession to the Prohibition ranks. The declaration of the same Convention in favor of untaxed tobacco and whisky was denounced as signifying "protection for vested interests, free trade in boys." Miss Frances E. Willard, from whose speech this sentence is quoted, admitted that the Prohibition party was also in favor of doing away with the whisky tax, but with the Prohibitionists this step meant, not free whisky, but no whisky. General Fisk, in his address, declared that the old parties should have the monopoly of personal detraction during the coming campaign. The Prohibitionists intended to conduct it upon a single living issue—that of the saloon. All who were agreed with him upon that one question, whether they indorsed the remainder of the platform or not, were invited to join with them. With reference to protection, General Fisk said: "When we protect our homes from the invasion of the saloons, the industry of the country will be protected." Mr. John A. Brooks, the candidate for Vice-President, evoked a perfect tumult of applause when he stated that he, a former slave-owner, had come across the continent to join hands with General Fisk, the former Abolitionist. The question of the saloon and of the rights of the negro would be settled at the same time and by the same party. However clearly one may be convinced that the suppression of the saloon is to be dealt with by local courts and local constabulary, the meeting certainly signified the presence of a vigorous and asserting conscience in politics.

He must be a pessimist indeed who can wholly resist the influence of such a report as is furnished by a correspondent, on another page of this issue, of the first sessions of the great International Missionary Conference in London. And yet this is only a report of the opening of a Conference which lasted a week or ten days, and of which our correspondent will furnish further reports in next week's issue. There were 2,000 persons, coming together from all parts of the world—160 delegates from America, 22 from the Continent of Europe, 27 from Canada, etc.; 150 missionary organizations, all told, represented. They were inspired in their work, at least they were drawn together in this Conference, by no spirit of denominational propagandism—for this was a wholly undenominational gathering—but simply and purely by a love for Christ and his cause, a zeal to promote the kingdom of God on the earth, and a strong desire to get light out of mutual conference how better to accomplish this great result. Such a gathering rises at once in spiritual dignity above any church council, however imposing, because it is free from that taint of selfishness which mars all purely ecclesiastical gatherings. In such a meeting for conference, not for ecclesiastical action, discussion is not likely to degenerate into debate and strife, and the unity of the spirit is not liable to be marred by cabals and cliques. The sight of so much concentrated and so pure an enthusiasm is a spur to laggard energy and an incentive to discouraged faith. It is a grand vision; and we desire to bring our readers as near to it as a graphic pen can bring them.

We do not think it necessary to answer in detail the criticisms of Father Clancy on the article published in The Christian Union on June 7 describing a visit to a parochial school. It is not in such cases the last word that is always the best word. We thought at the time that our correspondent's description was much more likely to displease illiberal Protestants than liberal Catholics; and, having duly read and weighed the criticisms of the Father, we are still of the opinion that the article complained of merits rather his commendations than his complaints. Of course opinions will differ upon some of the points; and it is not surprising that the one who is responsible for the school should not accept the criticisms upon it. But they were certainly not conceived nor presented in a captious spirit. The careful reader will meanwhile observe two or three significant facts testified to by Father Clancy himself: as that exercises in definitions were exercises in verbal memory simply; that in a history of the United States nearly one-quarter of the illustrations relate to the Roman Catholic Church; that in this volume of 187 pages only three are devoted to the history of Protestant New England, while six are given to Lake Champlain and the Catholic missionaries of the seventeenth century; and, finally, the frank admission that the object of a Catholic school is to develop a spirit of loyalty to the Catholic Church, "by showing the glorious records of our Church's deeds for the advancement of our civilization and for the establishment of our civil and religious liberty." We shall leave our readers to consider, without argument from us, whether they desire to see a school system with this end in view supplanting one the object of which is to develop loyalty to the Nation, and to show the glorious record of all noble deeds, by whomsoever wrought, for civilization and freedom. To that question we can make but one answer.

After the noise and turmoil of the great political conventions, it is a pleasure to anticipate the concerts of the Music Teachers' National Association which will be given in Chicago next week. These performances possess a special and significant interest because of the prominence that will be given to the work of American composers. The quality of the performances in the matter of execution is assured by the fact that Mr. Thomas will have direction, with the aid of his own orchestra and a large choir organized and trained for this occasion. The Music Teachers' National Association have taken an eminently wise step, and one which ought to command a generous and cordial co-operation, in their determination to do something to develop musical composition in this country by encouraging our native composers. It is the fashion among many to insist that we have no musical aptitude, and that the great popular success of the best music in recent years has been due to fashion and not to intelligence. This kind of criticism may pass for what it is worth. It has so slight a connection with fact and is capable of such rapid shifting of ground that it is hardly worth while to follow it. Those who are best informed and who look at the matter dispassionately concur in the opinion that there is a rapid and healthy growth of musical taste in this country.

We call the especial attention of our lady readers to the open letter in another column addressed by Mrs. Corbin to Miss Frances E. Willard on the Woman Suffrage question. Hitherto the women suffragists have had the floor to themselves in the discussion of this question. The great body of silent women who are opposed to women's suffrage have been almost as reluctant to oppose as to support it, and for the same reason—because it would bring them into publicity. The men have been for a different reason reluctant to oppose it, because to do so seemed in a sense ungallant, and an endeavor on their part to exclude women from a coveted privilege. We are glad that one of the silent women has entered the list on behalf of her silent sisters. We are glad to have a woman state in our columns a woman's reason for disbelieving in woman suffrage; we are glad to have this demonstration that the silent women are not merely unbelievers, but disbelievers, in the proposed change which would call them from private into public life. We hope that other women will follow in this respect the example which Mrs. Corbin has set them, and that the question of summoning woman to take up the political duties from which she has hitherto been exempt will have a free and full discussion, in which both sides of the question will be presented by the pens of women. Let us have this matter fully debated, and let the gentlemen stand on one side as umpires while the ladies carry on the discussion.

Dr. McCosh retires from the Presidency of Princeton College leaving it in magnificent condition and in competent hands. The inaugural address of his successor, Dr. Patton, makes it clear that before very long Princeton College will be Princeton University, but the change in name will not take place until the change in nature has been more fully accomplished. The type of a university such as Princeton, under Dr. Patton's administration, will become is one for which its traditions fit it and its resources make easily possible. It is not to be a university in the sense of being a collection of professional schools, but to be a university which shall give the broad culture afforded by the study of the best thought of all ages and all departments. As Dr. Patton expressed it, it is to be a university with a single Faculty, that of Philosophy. With this end in view, the departments of political and social philosophy are to be equipped as fully as the departments of metaphysics and science. An account of Dr. Patton's inaugural and of Dr. McCosh's farewell address will be found in another column.

GENERAL NEWS.—In the English Parliament on Monday evening Mr. John Morley moved to censure the Government for its administration of the Irish Crimes Act as calculated to undermine respect for the law, estrange the people of Ireland, and prove injurious to the interests of the Empire. He accused Mr. Balfour of refusing to give information as to how the Coercion Act operated; of grave inaccuracy in statements regarding prosecutions; of injustice toward prisoners both before trial and after conviction, and of balking their appeals and allowing them to be maltreated under prison rules. The cases of Mr. Dillon and others were cited as instances. Mr. Goschen replied for the Government. The debates will be continued through the week.——Conflicting reports have been printed this week about Stanley's position in Africa. It has been asserted that he was sick, that he was wounded, that he was dead, that he is fighting his way through the country, and that he had arrived in the Bahr-el-Ghazel province. Those best informed place little reliance on any of these reports.——Dr. J. H. Zukertoft, the famous chess player, died last week in London.——Little business of importance was transacted in Congress last week. The House continued the discussion of various items in the Appropriation bill. In the Senate Mr. Frye submitted his report on the River and Harbor bill. He says that although the bill exceeds by $2 800,000 the largest appropriation ever made for rivers and harbors, it represents three years' expenditures and not two, and therefore is less than the average which of late years has been maintained.

THE POLITICAL ISSUE.

THE Republican party has taken up the challenge of the Democratic party, and a clear and definite issue is presented to the American voter by the contrasted platforms. Let us state this issue in our own words. There is a surplus in the Treasury of $125 000 000, and an annual increase threatened of $60,000,000. If this accumulation goes on, the country will be soon involved in hopeless bankruptcy, because in that case the money which commerce needs will be locked up in the Treasury vaults. To protect the Nation from this serious menace two policies are proposed. The Democratic party proposes to confine appropriations of public money to such sums as are necessary for an economical administration of the Government; to retain the tax on alcohol; to modify the tax on tobacco; and to reduce the tax on imports by admitting raw materials free of duty and by reducing taxes on all articles of necessity. If this involves some manufacturers in commercial distress, the party will regard the individual injury as counterbalanced by the general good. The Republican party proposes to abolish the tax on tobacco; to abolish also the tax on alcohol used in the arts and manufactures; if necessary, to do away with the National tax on alcohol altogether; to retain the present tax on imports substantially unchanged; to retain it, not because it is necessary for revenue, but because it will foster and promote American manufactures and keep up wages; and it proposes to accompany this policy of taxation with one of liberal appropriations, not only for immediate governmental necessities, but for the construction of a navy and of coast fortifications, for river and harbor improvements, for National aid to public education, and for pensions. With this explanation we put the policies of the two parties in parallel columns, to make apprehension of the difference between the two easier and clearer:

	Rep.	*Dem.*
Tax on tobacco.	Abolish.	Modify.
Tax on alcohol.	Reduce or abolish.	Retain.
Tax on raw materials.	Retain.	Abolish.
Tax on necessaries.	Retain.	Reduce.
Tax on luxuries.	Retain.	Retain.
Object of tax.	Protection.	Revenue.
Expenditures.	Liberal.	Economical.

It would be an absurd and a dishonorable affectation if we were to pretend to look upon the issue thus framed with indifference. We believe that it has vital relations to the future of our country. We believe that the coming election will be likely to settle the trend of national life for some years to come. Nor have we any wish to conceal our personal predilections and prejudices. They are in favor of economical expenditures and a lowered tariff.

But The Christian Union does not propose to take any part in discussing this issue. While moral issues are involved in it, in our judgment the issue is primarily one not of morals but of economics. It is a question of finance far more than of ethics. And The Christian Union was not established to be a teacher on taxation and finance. It is not equipped for that purpose. It was established and is equipped to apply the principles and precepts of Christ to the affairs of human life. We are not prepared to say whether Christ, if living in America to-day, would be a tariff reformer or a protectionist. We are not prepared to say which of the two his disciples should be. The Christian Union will not, therefore, advocate the platform or the candidates of either of the two great parties. It will not be a Republican or a Democratic paper. It will simply report and interpret political events from week to week. It will endeavor to do this with absolute impartiality. In this it will not always succeed; for it is not human to be always impartial. Its readers will sometimes think it has failed when the failure is theirs; for, if its pen will be sometimes dipped in a colored ink, its words will sometimes be read through colored glasses. But it will aim to retain the reputation which its readers already give to it, and which it would be at once a disgrace and a calamity to lose: to be always absolutely fair, and to be always absolutely willing to correct any unfairness into which haste, accident, or misinformation may have led.

We have said nothing thus far of the Prohibition or Labor parties. In our judgment the Labor party or parties in this campaign will not call for any serious consideration on the part of intelligent voters. The same is not true of the Prohibition party. It has a definite purpose, a Christian and statesmanlike leader worthy the enthusiasm of his followers, and an apparently increasing constituency. But, in our judgment, the regulation of the liquor traffic must in a self-governed nation be left to State and local action; and in our opinion the tariff issue, raised by the contrasted platform of the Democratic and Republican parties, must, at this election, take precedence of all other issues. For the same reason we say nothing as to Civil Service Reform, the Chinese question, Immigration, Trusts and Monopolies, etc., etc. The law of politics is the law of the human mind: one question at a time. And the one question on which the American voter must concentrate his thought in this election, if he is to vote wisely and effectively, is the question whether the well-being of his country demands the maintenance of a protective system, or a modification and a first step toward the final abandonment of that system and the establishment in its place of a system of taxation for revenue only.

ONE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

THE interest which men have always taken in the lives of those whom they call great is almost pathetic in its intensity. Carlyle amply justified by facts the great significance which he attached to hero worship. There is often an element of vulgarity in the mere following of great leaders; but that which gives them such attractive power is, after all, something very noble in itself and very noble in its appeal. For that which men love in the lives of great men is the realization in these lives of their own ideals; the perception that these great ones have discovered the mastery of the soul over all its circumstances and accidents, and have made it clear that, no matter how many fail to work out their lives to some great end, that possibility always exists.

Great men stand, therefore, for the working out of the ideals of lesser men, and this is the secret of the unfailing and really noble interest which great lives arouse. The services of Paul, for instance, were many and various, but none of them exceeds in value the sense of completeness and conquest which his career furnishes. No other life has more completely demonstrated the essential superiority of the soul over all obstacles, limitations, and sorrows; no other life has more completely proven the unconquerable quality which resides in the will. Paul remains forever an unanswerable witness against those who declare that man is the creature of circumstances and the victim of his age. That which gives Paul's life its magnificent superiority, and which makes it fairly glow with the consciousness of victory, is not the greatness of the man intellectually, although his intellectual power contributes to the general result; it is his moral greatness, and the secret of this greatness is to be found in the tremendous concentration of will which shaped his whole career and made it a coherent whole. We cannot write Paul's Epistles, nor preach Paul's sermons, but it lies within the reach of each of us to catch something of the fire of Paul's purpose. Our lives are half failures simply because our minds are half made up. We intend to make the most of ourselves, but we are not equal to the toil of an aspiring life. Our activity is spasmodic; it burns up brightly at times, and then sinks so low that nothing appears to remain but a bed of ashes. Some stronger nature must impart its impulse to us before the fire rises again. Paul, like all other great men, did not look to other men for his impulse; he was in the habit of giving rather than of receiving. He did not look to the church to sustain and strengthen him, although he was not unmindful that the church could help his weakness. He thought of the church rather as something into which he could pour his own life, to which he could give his own strength. It would be well for church life generally if Paul's spirit could become contagious; if, instead of sitting in the pews and waiting to have our energies lighted by the pulpit, we should realize that our highest joy is to light them for ourselves, and our highest service to contribute to the fire of zeal and of faith which is the motive power of the church.

In the end that which seems hardest in life is really easiest. There was more of comfort, rest, and peace in Paul's life, laborious, turbulent, and tempestuous as it was, than in the lives of most of the men around him. It requires a great deal of courage to take an advanced position in a time of danger; but when the first act of courage has been performed all the rest is comparatively easy. One escapes on the instant all the pains and perplexities of indecision and cowardice; one gets on the instant all the inspiration of a perfectly defined purpose and a mood which fits it. Most of us suffer constantly the discontent which comes from the consciousness that we are not doing all we ought; that our lives are only half consecrated to duty and action. It would be far easier, as a matter of mere comfort, to add the strength and courage necessary to give them completeness than it is to carry about continually a sense of remorse and disappointment in ourselves. Great responsibilities develop great strength, and great work calls out great powers. The man who sits at his ease, or does only half the work allotted to him, does not really know what his powers are. He is torn by the twofold feeling of duty and of the sense of failure to respond. Recoiling from what seems to him the impossible work of a really great life, he suffers more from discontent and dissatisfaction with himself than all the added toil necessary to make his life a consistent whole would bring to him.

Moreover, there is in a life that is set to do one thing, and gives all its energies to the doing of it, an impetus which is a mighty consolation in sorrow, loss, and suffering. Paul's career is well worth the study of those who are striving to find some refuge from the sorrows of the world. Most men make an ineffectual effort in some way to avoid the painful things that lie in their paths. It is this vain endeavor which has filled monasteries and driven thousands into self-chosen exile. But the experiment has never yet succeeded, and never can succeed; no man can escape from himself, and until some man can, this method of escaping from the world will never be successful. The true way to meet the sorrows of life is to have some purpose which lifts one above them, and to make that purpose so engrossing and controlling that it will sustain one as the

inspiration of battle carries one almost indifferent to danger and death. Paul did not attempt to elude the troubles of life. On the contrary, he met them face to face; rather, he marched in front of them, so swift and sure was his progress. He felt them as keenly as any other man of his time; there was no insensibility in him: but he was not conquered by them. Life had for him the unfailing strength and the mighty consolation of a purpose which death itself could not defeat or even overcloud. And this is one secret of strength and consolation in a world which shelters no man, but leaves us all open to storm and calamity.

THE SPECTATOR.

[The Spectator finds in his private mail an account of a ride in Southern California so picturesque in its simplicity that he ventures to read it to a larger circle than the one for which it was originally intended, making only such modifications as may be necessary to relieve him of the charge of violating confidence in thus breaking the seal of a letter not intended for publication.]

Friday, as sort of a farewell celebration, we made a long excursion to visit the Old Mission, or its ruins. Dana speaks of it in his "Two Years Before the Mast," I think. You know these old missions are found all through that part of California which was so Spanish and Mexican even fifty years ago. Did I speak of my visit to Santa Barbara Mission, arranged in a rude way like a European monastery, with its cloisters, its inclosed garden, and the fat old Father walking therein; its chapel with tawdry altar and gilt ornaments; its bell tower, and the bleer-eyed, red nosed priest who led us up the winding stairs? Seems to me I did. The San Diego Mission was once a large and flourishing one. It was founded and built (where the ruins now stand, in Mission Valley, about eight miles from San Diego) in 1774, I believe, and I have no doubt that the Jesuit Fathers did good work in their way among the Indians We started out, Mrs. M——, the two little boys, myself, and the driver, with the two horses in the carriage, at a little before seven, having breakfasted at six. It is not an easy thing to put on paper the pleasure of driving through the country over not frequently traveled roads, and having the eyes kept constantly interested in flowers and plants and birds and animals. Here one learns to use one's eyes. We noticed for the first time the stumpy greasewood bushes which cover the hills and mesa-lands—in blossom—a fine white beautiful spray. As we rounded the ox-bow on the mesa grade we saw a band of stray cattle. Then it was to note the brand, the ear-marks, the number, the color, the condition, as we rode by. In the East it would simply be, "Oh, see the cows!" Here it is, "Branded 'W' in a circle; right ear notched; eight cows—a black, two roans, and five brindles, pretty poor; a bull with a clipped tail: wonder where they strayed from."

I fell to counting how many plants I knew, and naming them as I recognized them—the brodiæ, the convolvulus, the white and black sage blossoms, the coriopsis, the mimulus, the painted feather, the greasewood, the dodder, the wild cucumber, scrub-oak, bee-larkspur, and there is a pretty little pink blossom new to us; we stop, I get out and pluck a few of them; we try to examine it a little—pink petals, white at the base, five of them; five stamens, and a double pistil, a long calyx, and a corolla about which I forget now. None of these things interested me before so much. California is opening my eyes a little, anyway. A lame quail limped across the road, and I jumped out to try for him, only to find that an injured leg doesn't prevent perfect wing motion. I ought to have had salt for his tail, they told me when I took my seat again. A little further on, while riding through a lately mowed wild-oat track in the midst of the wild mesa, we saw a large coyote dog trotting along the road in front of us. He was about as large as Don, the setter, and, leisurely crossing the road, he sat on his haunches coolly—he knew we had no guns—and stared at us. My! how he ran when I got out and shouted at him! Still further on the boys each captured a horned toad; these pets were carefully carried all day, and Harry yesterday came to dinner with his in his pocket. When we reached the Mission, we and the horses ate a picnic lunch, the horses under a rough shed, and we resting our shawls and lap robes against a cushiony haycock under the shade of a hundred-years old olive tree. The adobe ruins are the remains of what once must have been a pretty pretentious collection of buildings and gardens for those old Mexican days. The land now belongs to the Bishop of Los Angeles; so I learned from the buxom wife of the Italian "boss" of the ranch. She spoke only spasmodic words of English, but by saying to her, after fifteen minutes of preparation and arranging and rearranging, "Combien des olives avez vous eu l'année passée," I learned that last season's product was 900 gallons pickled. That was the extent of the conversation, and the information I obtained. So much for being a fluent French scholar! She spoke about as good French as I do. After luncheon we drove down the valley to San Diego, where Mrs. M—— did a little shopping, and then came home, the whole being a jaunt of some thirty-three miles. They don't mind driving in this country.

Why does a letter of one topic, long in space occupied, always seem shorter than a smaller quantity of paper filled with touches at many things? If for no other reason, then, I think I'll just get that Ruskin and add a little variety to this letter. Here is something from what he says of English and foreign villages:

"Foreign towns are often very picturesque, very beautiful, but they never have quite that look of warm self-sufficiency and wholesome quiet with which our villages nestle themselves down among the green fields. If you will take the trouble to examine into the sources of this impression, you will find that by far the greater part of that warm and satisfactory appearance depends on the rich scarlet color of the bricks and tiles. It does not belong to the neat building—a very neat building has an uncomfortable rather than a comfortable look—but it depends upon the *warm* building; our villages are pressed in red tiles, as our old women are in red cloaks; and it does not matter how worn the cloaks or how bent and bowed the roofs may be, so long as there are no holes in one or the other, and the sobered but unextinguishable color still glows in the shadow of the hood and burns among the green mosses of the gable."

I like to think of those red-tiled English villages. I now remember that perhaps the most picturesque feature of the Central American and Mexican villages I saw coming up the coast was that of the red tiled buildings. I can see Panama now, red and brown in the setting sun across the bay. And, curiously, one of the little attractive spots in the landscape on which we look from the east veranda here is a little bunch of white buildings, of a mile-away ranch, in a clump of evergreens, with a windmill and red-painted water-tank. I really believe that that red-painted water-tank is what my eye likes, although I have not analyzed the impression before. Red thatches for houses, but men and women somehow seem to find the comfort gone from the color when applied to heads! I'd like to know what Ruskin thinks of red heads. WANDERER.

"He that filches me of my good name," says Shakespeare, "robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed." If Shakespeare had lived in our time we could have taught him a thing or two as to this kind of robbery. For the nineteenth century has discovered a way in which this kind of robbery can be turned to profit. There lie before the Spectator two books, one entitled "An Original Belle," by Edward P. Roe, the other "May and June," by Edward R Roe. Both are paper covered. The second is made in close imitation of the first; so close that there is excellent legal authority for saying that the publisher has made himself liable to prosecution for violation of trade-mark. The style of type is almost identical; the style of ornamentation is very similar. The R is made as much like a P as possible; so much like it that a casual buyer would take it for a P. The only radical difference is in the contents, "May and June" being as supreme an example of trash as our eyes have lately fallen on. The effect, if not the object, of this imitation is to trade on the good name of Edward P. Roe, and by filching it to enrich the traders on it. The News Company ought in common honesty to refuse to give circulation to such a counterfeit presentment as this. The Spectator, in the interest of common honesty, warns all readers against mistaking the novels of Edward R. Roe, published in Chicago, for the novels of Edward P. Roe, published by Dodd, Mead & Co, of New York City.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Of course Chicago has thought of little else for the past week than the Republican National Convention. Flags, and decorated buildings, and crowds wearing badges of their favorite candidates, and bands, and processions, have made the streets gay. The weather has been beautiful, but as hot as the contest between Presidential aspirants In spite of many predictions to the contrary, the audience room of the new Auditorium Building was completed in time, and though its outside appearance suggested that it had been cut off when they reached the fourth story, yet the inside was admirably fitted for the purpose of the Convention. It would seat nearly 8 000, was well ventilated, and its acoustic properties enabled any speaker of fair voice to be heard. The rough beams of the extemporized galleries were hidden by flags and bunting, with which also the ceiling and walls were tastefully draped. The arches and stars of incandescent electric light illumined it excellently. On either side were large pictures of Presidents Lincoln and Grant, and smaller ones of other Presidents and generals and party leaders, while the front of the first balcony was adorned with the coat-of-arms of different States, festooned with flags Certainly the hall was fair to see, with its galleries reaching to the roof, filled with people, and its mixture of colors furnished by their faces and dress, the waving fans and flags, the posts decorated with the national colors, the occasional policemen, the streamers suspended from the ceiling, and the banners of the different delegations.

It was noticeable how large a proportion of the delegates were comparatively young men, and how new leaders had taken the places of those who had formerly wielded the chief influence in such gatherings. Senator Hoar was there, at the head of the Massachusetts delegation. So were Senators Hiscock and Platt, Mr. Clayton and Mr. Elkins. But the leading speeches were made by younger men. General Fremont occupied a seat upon the platform the first day. The venerable head of Fred Douglass was to be seen behind the President's chair, or rising above others as he stood up to listen to some orator of his own race, at which times the pride and satisfaction in his face were pleasant to behold.

The first day being devoted to organization, the proceedings were largely routine, and there was but one session. Mr. Jones, Chairman of the National Committee, read a paper in which he rung the changes on the old issues of years past, and the Temporary Chairman, Mr. Thurston, made a speech which was evidently designed to kill, or at least delay, the Blaine boom. The only lively thing was a short personal debate between Senator Mahone and Mr. Wise, of Virginia, who were contestants for seats in the Convention.

The second day, after a permanent organization had been effected, with Mr. Estes, of California, as Chairman, was largely consumed in deciding the Virginia contest, and resulted in the defeat of the Mahone delegates and in waiting for the report of the Committee on Resolutions. Two hours of the time of the latter committee were given to listening to Mrs. Hooker and Miss Anthony, who urged the insertion of a woman's suffrage plank in the platform, and promised one hundred speakers and an assured victory if their request was granted. On Thursday morning the platform was read by Mr. McKinley, and adopted without any debate.[1] One could not help thinking that the interest was chiefly in nominating a man who could be elected and in pressing the claims of the "favorite son" of each State, and comparatively little in establishing any important principles. The remainder of the day was taken up in the nominations of Hawley, Gresham, Harrison, Allison, Alger, Depew, Sherman, Fitler, and Rusk, as the order of States was called. The speeches were wearisomely long, there being no limit of time set for them, and many of them were poor, but each one was followed by cheers and noise of all sorts from citizens of the States whose "favorite son" was being nominated, whether they were delegates or in the gallery. As several of the nominees were from States near Chicago, the galleries were full of shouters ready to yell their candidate to victory, if yelling would do it. The best speeches were doubtless those made in the nomination of Governor Alger and Senator Sherman. Of course there was a great deal of arraigning the Democratic party, as there were also frequent allusions to the British policy of free trade, and the sins of omission of the party in power. Reference was occasionally made to the Mugwump, as if he did not vote, or the Republican party did not care for his vote, and to the accident of President Cleveland's election, and every speaker was delightfully confident of victory in November. It was noteworthy, however, that many of the old party cries elicited little applause, and that an allusion to the "bloody shirt" was received in silence.

Probably Governor Foraker's speech, which was unquestionably the best of all, moved the Convention the most. During its progress, and seemingly much to the orator's disgust, a banner of flowers was brought to the platform, on which were the words, "No rebel flags surrendered when I govern," and at its close, as he alluded to the flag in contrast with the red bandanna, the whole audience rose and cheered, waved umbrellas and coats, threw up their hats, etc, for nearly twenty minutes, until it was heartily weary. One enthusiastic Ohio man exclaimed in the midst of it, "Ain't that patriotism?" It was evident that Sherman had more followers than any one else, unless it were Blaine, every mention of whose name called forth loud and long cheers From the beginning the leaders seemed to fear a stampede to him, and it was with great difficulty that the California delegation were restrained from nominating him at first They did cast their votes for him from beginning of the balloting.

Voting began on Friday morning, with the house packed full of hot people, and with a tremendous crowd waiting outside. Three ballots were taken in as many hours, but with little indication of uniting on any one. Sherman, Gresham, and Alger received the largest vote. But the former seemed to be losing and both the latter gaining when an adjournment was made until evening No less than fourteen men received votes on these ballots; on Saturday two more indecisive votes were taken, and up to Monday morning the result is just as uncertain as it has been at any time.[2] P.

PRINCETON'S PRESIDENTS.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

All Princetonians are enthusiastic over their Commencement week just ended. The beauties of their beautiful old town were revealed to the full by the perfect June days, and the campus was always a delightful place for those who were indifferent to the glories of graduating orators and poets. On Wednesday came the exercises to which none were indifferent—the farewell address of Dr. McCosh and the inaugural of Dr. Patton. It was these exercises which had brought the alumni back in unusual numbers, and these alone which will command the interest of the educated public not connected with Princeton.

[1] The platform adopted by the Republican party is printed in its entirety on another page.

[2] The final result of the Convention is described on our Out look pages.

Dr McCosh's address was delivered at the close of the Commencement exercises in the First Presbyterian Church. As he came forward the entire audience rose to receive him. Though bent and somewhat broken with years, Dr. McCosh was a striking figure, his strong features still revealing the powerful personality which had impressed itself upon the character of the college, and won for him and for it such enthusiastic supporters.

The address began with a description of the college as he found it in 1868 and an account of the munificent gifts of buildings and endowments which had so rapidly poured in upon it when he made his appeal to the friends of the institution. These friends, said Dr McCosh, "said that I was in earnest, and nobly did they encourage me. I shall never forget the substantial kindness I received at that time. I could not walk up Broadway without some one coming up to me and saying, 'Do not you want so and so? I will help you to get it.'" These benefactions had never failed when it was shown that Princeton stood in need, and Dr. McCosh believed that had the college been made a university other friends might have been found to carry out still greater plans.

Turning from the finances to the course of study, Dr. McCosh told how, at his accession, a compulsory course in classics and mathematics formed the entire curriculum. At the present the latter half of the course is elective, and all the more modern branches which command the interest of the students of to-day have been introduced. The number of the Faculty has been raised from sixteen to upwards of forty, and the number of students from 264 to 604.

After reviewing these changes, Dr. McCosh sketched the history of the suppression of hazing, and the development of a better college discipline and a purer college life. There were but two things, he said in conclusion, which reconciled him to giving up the Presidency. The first of these was the character of his successor:

"I am to be succeeded by one in whom I have thorough confidence that he will carry on the work which has been begun; no, but that he will carry on a work of his own. Possessed of the highest intellectual powers, he will devote them all to the good of this college. With unrivaled dialectic skill he will ever be ready to defend the truth. I am not sure that we have in this country at this moment a more powerful defender of the faith."

The second reconciling fact was his desire to do further work in philosophy. His concluding words were as follows:

"I am reminded keenly that my days of active work are over. But I take the step firmly and decidedly. The shadows are lengthening, the day is declining. My age, seven years above the threescore and ten, compels it, Providence points to it, conscience enjoins it, the good of the college demands it. I take the step as one of duty."

In the afternoon the inauguration of Dr. Patton took place. The enthusiasm was universal. When Dr. Patton was first named for the Presidency he was the candidate of the conservative element only. Throughout Commencement week the applause with which he was everywhere greeted indicated that the younger alumni were quite as enthusiastic in his favor as the older. They now regard his connection with the Swing trial as accidental rather than characteristic, and believe that his keen intellect is as ready to seize new truth as to defend the old. Nearly two thousand strong the alumni and undergraduates formed upon the campus and marched into the church. At the head of the procession came the Governor of the State and the President-elect, the President of the college and the Chancellor of the State, the officiating clergymen and orators of the day, the Trustees and Faculty of the College and Seminary. Governor Green presided. The church was crowded. Fifteen hundred people had applied for seats who could not be admitted. The Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler made the opening prayer. Dr J. O. Murray, the Dean of the Faculty, delivered an address in behalf of the college. His review of the great men of Princeton brought forth round after round of applause. This applause reached its climax when he named Dr. McCosh. The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke delivered the address in behalf of the alumni. It was characteristically bright, and in lighter vein than one would have expected on the occasion. Referring to Dr. Patton's having been born in the Bermudas, and therefore not being an American, Dr Van Dyke told the story of the Irishman who said that he was for the most part a native of Cork, though he had been born in Limerick, for when he left Limerick he only weighed seven stone, and now he weighed seventeen. So Dr. Patton, though born a Britain, was for the most part, or rather for the best part, an American. Dr Van Dyke referred very delightingly to the administration of Dr McCosh. "President McCosh," he said, "found Princeton of brick and left it of brown stone." Had it not been for the possible stir which it would have created, he might have added that Dr. McCosh found Princeton the home of outgrown theological ideas, and left it the hive as well as the home of progressive Christian thought.

After taking the oath of office, and receiving the charter and keys of the College from Dr. McCosh, President Patton read his inaugural address. It was an hour and forty minutes in length, and abounded in sententious and often brilliant statements of educational commonplaces. In developing the outlines of his policy he proceeded with the greatest caution—a caution, however, scarcely noticeable if one followed closely the striking things which he was all the time saying. The positions which he did take, however, were chosen with the same wisdom that prevented his going further before he had made sure that the way was clear. If the administration carries out the spirit of the inaugural, it will be liberal, but never radically so.

Among other things, Dr. Patton declared in favor of a policy which would give the Faculty time for independent researches. No man, said he, who has ceased to learn is fit to teach. A university was meant to be a place of endowed research, and such a university Princeton was already becoming. It might never have a plurality of faculties, but it would have the freedom, the autonomy, and the *studium generale* which were the essential characteristics of a university. Dr. Patton recommended that its course might be immediately broadened by making provision for instruction in the History and Philosophy of Jurisprudence, and strengthening the department of the Political Sciences. Regarding the intellectual freedom which should characterize a university, Dr. Patton said:

"If a Faculty of Medicine may be a university, a Faculty of Philosophy may surely be one. And what is a well-equipped college like this but a Faculty of Philosophy? Princeton is already a university, if there ever was a university in the world. The founders of the College of New Jersey organized it upon this university basis. They planned their college for liberal culture, and provided in their charter that no religious tests should be imposed on either professors or students. They planned, therefore, for academic freedom, which is also a note of the university. Organize an institution, not as a propaganda, but as a seat of learning; make your professors servants of Truth, and your students seekers of it, and freedom is the necessary result. The scientific man will ask, What say the facts? not, What says the creed? The students of politics will ask what is best, not what the platform is. I believe in freedom, but in concrete experience we must take note of the qualifications of freedom. The genius of the university is freedom, but the genius of such a university as this is a qualified freedom. The trustees have responsibilities; so have the professors. These limit freedom. We have no scientific confession of faith, but we would not let a Communist teach political economy, nor Mr. Jasper astronomy, nor one of the flat-land people instruct in physical geography. It is no part of university freedom to shelter humbug, or give learned leisure to the charlatan. Nor is it part of university freedom to open its halls of science and philosophy to men who teach atheism or belittle the Christian faith."

This paragraph contains the spirit of the inaugural address, and the probable spirit of the new administration.

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.[1]

A REJOINDER.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

DEAR SIRS,—In the issue of The Christian Union dated June 7, 1888, an article appears, contributed by a gentleman who visited St. Ann's Parochial School for the purpose of learning, by personal inspection, the method and aim of Catholic education. So many inaccurate statements are to be found in the report of this visit that a correction is deemed necessary, and in all fairness is due, particularly since the first condition mentioned to your correspondent, and accepted by him, was that the Superintendent of St. Ann's School "trusted that he would be given fair treatment, and offered me any assistance he could render." Allow me to inform him that the rector of St. Ann's is the Right Rev. Monsignor Preston; not Father Clancy, as he reports. "The talk we had the first day took the form of a friendly discussion. My own part in the argument need not be repeated, since it would afford the reader merely the irritated interest of thinking what I ought to have said instead of what I did say." If I interpret these words aright, the "friendly discussion" amounted to the statement of the Catholic side of the question, to which no answer was given which would be satisfactory to the opponents of the denominational system. And yet, the questions asked by the visitor were answered frankly, and to his expressed satisfaction.

The summary which he has been pleased to give of the "priest's part" explains fairly enough the view of the Roman Catholic Church on the subject. In order, however, to convince him that the authoritative teaching of the Church was in conformity with the arguments advanced on this occasion, I sent him, at his request, a copy of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Farrell's "Pastoral on Christian Education," and received in return a courteous letter of thanks. When I was asked the proportion of Catholic parents now sending their children to the Church schools, I was unable to give a definite reply, and for several reasons. My personal knowledge is limited to this parish, and, besides the fact that in number the congregation is not large when compared with most of the other city parishes, I must state that within easy distance of our church there are two academies for girls, one college and an academy for boys, to which a number of our children are sent. I have reason to believe, however, on reliable authority, that in the parishes where schools are established nothing like the majority of the Catholic children attend the public schools. Again, if I judge by the Sunday-school register of St. Ann's, the attendance at the public schools is very much smaller than at our parochial school. I may add, in many parishes separate Sunday-schools for public school children are deemed unnecessary, and therefore discontinued.

"At Father Clancy's request, I visited the school the second morning after our talk." The *request* was made and *urged* by the gentleman, and, after some hesitation, was granted by me on condition, as he admits, that "fair treatment" be given. How far this agreement was kept I leave the reader to determine.

The building is of *four* stories for class-rooms, besides an assembly-room on the ground floor, and not "of three stories," as he reports. At the time appointed, the visitor found me conducting the monthly examinations. He was welcomed by all present, and allowed to follow, with a text-book in hand, the subjects treated. The answer to the question, "What do you mean by the infallibility of the Church?" seemed to surprise him, and he had to be assured that the correct answer had been given when the "little twelve-year-old promptly responded," "By the infallibility of the Church I mean that the Church cannot err when it teaches the doctrine of faith and morals." This attribute of the Church, he acknowledged, was not so unreasonable as he had hitherto believed.

"The examination in catechism was followed by that in spelling." The text-book used was Smith's Grammar School Speller. "So far as blind memorizing was concerned, the responses were again remarkably satisfactory, but the mistakes which were made were of the most painful description."

The proportion of *painful mistakes* to *satisfactory responses* is, in actual figures, *one* to *forty six*. If necessary, the examiner's book of notes will be shown, and its correctness vouched for by whatever guarantee may be demanded. Surely "fair treatment" would not, on this small fraction, condemn any system of teaching as mechanical. And here let me remark—and teachers of experience will attest the truth of what I say—that the presence of a stranger in a class-room is most embarrassing to the pupils. Again, the words defined were so difficult that the visitor expressed surprise that boys so young were able to understand their meaning.

To the suggestion he makes in his contribution, "Had they been required to define the definitions in their own words, the exercise would have been intelligent," I reply *probably* the exercise would have been more *intelligible* had they been required to give the definitions in their own words; but we can scarcely expect accuracy and clearness in the responses of children whose minds are yet forming when we may discover at times inaccuracies of expression in articles contributed to current periodicals by writers of some literary pretensions.

It is gratifying to learn from the gentleman that the geography, although not faultless in his estimation, was yet free from giving "absurd prominence to places of merely ecclesiastical importance, and the description of Catholic countries contained no misstatements. *They* did not, however, bring out very strikingly the intellectual and social condition of the people in those countries."

Passing over with a bare mention the ambiguity of this sentence, let me ask the reader, Would not the study of Political Economy seem out of place in the course marked out for children whose average age is less than twelve years?

The Church History could not reasonably be expected to be "entirely free from any peculiarly Catholic teachings," but that it is "tolerably fair-minded" is about as much as we could hope to learn from one who understands neither the Church nor its spirit.

"So far, then, the text-books had been better than I had expected. But this favorable impression was blotted out when I began to examine the text-book on American History—Sadlier's 'Elementary History of the United States.' Turning hastily over its pages, I was struck with the fact that more than half of its numerous illustrations pictured Catholic priests performing some act of patriotism or of pious devotion." The favorable impression made upon one who promised "fair treatment" could scarcely be *blotted out* by the examination of one book; and yet the contributor points to no erroneous or misleading statement. Nor was there any need of "turning hastily over its pages," because the gentleman asked for, and obtained, a copy of the book to take to his study, and returned it to the teacher of the first class after some days. I cannot, therefore,

[1] See comment on editorial pages.

excuse his assertion "that more than half of its numerous illustrations pictured Catholic priests performing some act of patriotism or of pious devotion." There are, indeed, nine such plates in the work, and one on the cover, but thirty seven others refer to historical scenes or personages which have no relation to the Church. Hence there was no occasion to be "struck with the fact," since it did not exist. The frontispiece represents "Columbus Leaving Palos. Father Perez Giving his Parting Blessing to the Voyagers."

The gentleman will scarcely deny that this was a most fitting act of religion for a noble band about to set out on a mission whose aim was to carry the knowledge of Christ and of his teachings to nations involved in heathen darkness. To pass over without mention the religious motives of Columbus, and to ignore the aid he received from his faithful friend Father Perez are suppressions of truths, unworthy of persons who propose to deal justly with the facts of history. No apology from the visitor is, therefore, necessary for this chapter, which treats of Columbus or of the subsequent Spanish discoveries. He hoped, however, to find something very different when he turned to the settlement of New England. How sadly he reckoned, and how unfounded was his belief "that the Church very naturally wanted to put its best foot forward" (as he elegantly expresses it), he discovers from the opening questions of Section III., Lesson II. The historical fact which seems to displease him is that the first attempt at the settlement of New England was made "by Jesuit missionaries at St. Saviour, on Mount Desert Island." When he set about quoting verbatim from the text-book, he should have given the date (1612); this, however, he sees fit to omit. Two other selections are made from this same lesson, but he carefully and wisely refrains from denying the truth of the answers given.

"Less than three small pages were devoted to Protestant New England, and even these made no fact so prominent as the persecution of Roger Williams and of Wheelwright." In the chapter of which he writes there are twenty-two questions. The names of Williams and Wheelwright are mentioned in the answer (14, page 28) which covers *four* lines. I quote exactly from the book: "What States were settled in consequence of this state of things?—[viz., intolerance in religious matters.] Ans. New Hampshire by Mr. Wheelwright (1633) and Rhode Island by Roger Williams (1636). Wheelwright and Williams had both been banished from Massachusetts, on account of their religious opinions." In no other place in the chapter are these names to be found.

"To complete the absurdity of the presentation of our early history Lesson III (a long one of six pages) was devoted to 'Champlain and the Catholic Missionaries of the Seventeenth Century,' and Lesson Fourth [IV.] was on 'The Early Missionaries Continued'!" Now, absurd as may seem to the gentleman this "presentation of our early history," he does not point out a single misstatement of fact. If he kept in mind what I endeavored to impress upon him during our conversation, the absurdity would not be so complete. I told him ours was a Catholic Parochial School, intended for Catholic children, supported, without any State appropriation, by the members of our congregation. The end proposed in establishing such a school was to train those who come to us in the branches of religious and secular knowledge. We wish to infuse into our pupils a love for God and for their country.

We hold that the thoroughly practical Catholic must needs be a good citizen and an ornament to society. And here in these United States, where so often the members of our communion are falsely charged with disloyalty, or are accused of paying allegiance to a foreign power, and of antagonism to the principles and institutions of our country, we can in no better way meet and refute these calumnies than by showing the glorious record of the Church's deeds for the advancement of our civilization and for the establishment of our civil and religious liberty. We have reason to feel proud of the history of our Church's part in the preparation, foundation, and perpetuation of the Republic.

Why, in the name of justice, should we not instill this patriotic and religious spirit into the children committed to our care?

This leads me naturally to the last censure passed upon our "History." "In the period of the Revolution it was of course quite impossible to give to the Catholic priesthood any especial prominence, but the historian tried to make amends for the comparative absence of Catholics by calling attention to the number of Irishmen who were conspicuous!"

Are not the terms Irish and Catholic used almost synonymously? Perhaps the *hasty glance* of our visitor did not permit him to notice the fifteenth question on page 92. The answer to this question is printed in italics and relates the remarkable words of Washington in reply to the address of the Roman Catholics after the Revolution. The sentiments of the "Father of our Country" I commend to the intelligent consideration and to the *practice* of the contributor.: "I presume that your fellow citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of the Revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

After so much misrepresentation the gentleman may be thanked for the admission of a redeeming feature in the work; namely, "the fact that it was thoroughly patriotic and eulogized the democratic principles of government which the Revolution established." I scarcely expected the kindness, and am grateful.

"When I had completed my review of the text-books the examinations were suspended, and I was conducted through the remainder of the building."

Let me again remark that a *history* and a catechism were, at his request, loaned him for private perusal and were in his possession during several days after his visit. Either he borrowed them to give the appearance of "fair treatment," and used them not, or he used them to no advantage.

Of the remainder of his paragraph I will say but a few words. A deliberate insinuation of untruthfulness is made against me thus:

"As we went through the various rooms, the priest kept complaining that a good many were absent on account of sickness and colds. Yet the day was a beautiful one, and in the public schools every seat would have been filled. If many scholars were absent, the non-attendance did not mean what it should."

Although I confess I am unable to understand the last sentence of this extract, I see clearly the meaning of the rest. If guilty of falsehood, there can be no motive assigned for my offense. The "beautiful" day was Friday, March 2. I have at hand numerous and positive proofs to show that my explanation was strictly true; and I regret exceedingly that the priest whom he was so *fortunate* as to meet, and of whom in the very first sentence his words are so eulogistic, should on more intimate acquaintance prove a deceiver. His duty under the circumstances I leave to his instincts as a gentleman to determine.

"The recitations were always stopped as we entered. This I did not wish, and told the Father that I preferred the exercises should go right on. In one room he complied with my suggestion."

Well deserved are the words of praise which in a seeming spirit of kindness are bestowed upon our children for the polite and cheerful reception of the Father and his companion. I fail to see how such complimentary remarks could have been made if the recitations continued and if no attention was paid to our coming. With propriety, therefore, as a matter of etiquette, "the recitations were always stopped as we entered." "The class was reciting in arithmetic. A boy was sent to the board to work an example which was given out. He succeeded in getting the right answer, but did his work in such an unsystematic way as to give me an unfavorable impression as to the character of the teaching." In thus criticising and condemning as "*unsystematic*" the way in which the boy worked the example, probably the gentleman will be pleased to learn that he has pronounced against the teaching of Brooks's "Normal Written Arithmetic." The "right answer" was indeed obtained by a method with which, he *should* have confessed, he was not familiar.

In the concluding paragraph an incident is related of a conversation between the gentleman and a boy of nine years. The occupation of the boy's father was asked by the visitor, and the answer was given by me in *not precisely* the terms he uses.

After so many inexcusable misstatements, the admission in the concluding sentence that "the parish schools effectually carry out the work for which they are established" is a recommendation unexpectedly received and gratefully accepted.

Now, I ask the reader to judge whether the conditions agreed upon between the gentleman and myself have been fulfilled; namely, that he would give "fair treatment" if allowed to inspect our school and that I would render any assistance in my power. *I* could not have given him further assistance. Could *he* not have shown fairer treatment? With this rejoinder I send a copy of the "Elementary History" to have my quotations and figures verified.

It is sad to think that one who professed to be so fair-minded could not have dealt more justly in the premises, especially after being shown extraordinary courtesy.

He was allowed to make a personal inspection during the session of the school. He was given the text-books for general and particular examination. He took two of them to make an extended review. All his questions were frankly answered. His arguments against our system were met as the summary of my words indicates. For further information I referred him to the article in the "Forum," written by Monsignor Preston, entitled "What the Roman Catholics Want;" and I sent him Bishop O'Farrell's "Pastoral." With all these facts in view, is there not just reason to say that my *trust* that "fair treatment" would be given has been betrayed?

Respectfully, ANDREW J. CLANCY,
Superintendent St. Ann's School.

CENTENARY OF MISSIONS.

STORY OF THE LONDON GENERAL CONFERENCE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WE are in the midst of the great Missionary Conference at London. It is of course too early to speak of the results of these meetings or to estimated their probable effect. But the progress of the Conference thus far promises an important and a successful issue. Meanwhile the story of its daily life must be told, that those who are not present may, if possible, catch something of its spirit, and picture to themselves the scenes through which we are passing.

When it is remembered that more than fifty meetings are to be held in connection with the Conference, many of them taking place at the same hour, it will be readily seen that it is impossible to give more than a brief outline of the proceedings. Often we would wish to linger for a longer period at some interesting discussion, did not an equally engaging subject call us to a different part of the building. Many of us have wished we might be present at several places at the same time, perplexed as we are with the embarrassment of riches. To begin, then, at the beginning. It is Saturday afternoon, between four and five o'clock. Men and women are pouring into Exeter Hall. The large assembly room, seating 2 000 people, presents an animated appearance. Delegates from all parts of the world are presenting their credentials. Old friends are meeting. London hosts are looking for their guests. Almost all of the one hundred and sixty delegates from America are present, representing fifty-one missionary societies. There are twenty-two delegates from the Continent of Europe, representing seventeen societies; while twenty-seven delegates come from Canada, representing six societies. The delegates from the fifty-two British societies, together with members of Conference invited by the Executive Committee, number 1 254.

The President of the Conference is Lord Aberdeen. After the delegates have enjoyed refreshments, the foreign members are presented to his Lordship. After this informal reception the President takes the chair and offers a more formal greeting to the assembled delegates. We sing—

"All people that on earth do dwell."

An earnest prayer is offered by the Rev. Webb Peploe, of the Anglican Church.

HISTORY OF THE CONFERENCE.

George B. Underhill, Esq., LL.D., now explains the history of the Conference, and, at the risk of dealing in ancient history, I will give a brief abstract, that the origin of these meetings may be clearly understood. He explained that this Conference was the fourth held in England. The original conception might be traced to a meeting in New York in 1854 when Dr. Duff spoke of the principal methods and views of Christian missions. That Missionary Conference, which only lasted a day and a half, was followed by two deputations to India and the neighboring islands—one sent by the A. B. C. F. M., the other by the Baptist Missionary Society. Probably these gatherings gave rise to the idea of a general conference in Bengal of all the missionary communities laboring there; and in 1855 a large number of missionaries gathered in Calcutta. This was followed by others in India, and the important one in 1877 in Shanghai. But in England little was done to gather together in general conference the friends of missions. A small gathering took place in 1854. But in 1860 an important conference met in Liverpool, lasted four days, and embodied its conclusions in seven valuable and weighty propositions. Next came the great Mildmay Conference in 1878, lasting five days, and embracing a wider range of subjects than any previous gathering. Then for the first time Christian women came to the front in missionary enterprise. There had now sprung up many questions of deep importance and interest, some of them requiring the most delicate handling.

This Conference was called to discuss these, and it promised to be one of the most interesting, one of the largest, one of the most important, ever held. Its promoters had not anticipated the response they had received.

OPENING ADDRESSES.

Responses were now made to Lord Aberdeen's address of welcome, the first coming from the Rev. F. E. Wigram, of the Church Missionary Society, on behalf of the British societies. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson, of the American Board. His speech was warmly received. Speaking for the American delegates, he said, in closing: "We have come across

the ocean, not to inspect the industrial and commercial centers of England, not to view your palaces, halls, and cathedrals, but to help take an inventory of the evangelistic achievements of the last one hundred years."

Dr. Schreiber, of the Rhenish Missionary Society, responded for the German delegates, and Pasteur Dumas, of the Reformed Church of France, did the same for the French. Just before closing the proceedings the Rev. James Johnston, the Secretary of the Conference, spoke some ringing words as to the purpose of the meeting. It was not to parade men, but to get at facts. If all the names of the writers of papers and of the speakers at the meetings were not great names, it was to the credit of these men that they were not known in that they had been willing to bury themselves among the people to whom they had been sent. But they could speak on their topics with authority. He urged the absolute necessity of the spirit of prayer. Four months ago the Committee had sent all over the missionary world requests for prayer, and more recently a quarter of a million requests had been issued in America and England for the same purpose.

So much for the opening meeting. It was hearty in spirit and earnest in tone. There seemed to be general acquiescence in the belief expressed by Lord Aberdeen at the outset that it was not too much to look forward to the Conference as likely to form an important epoch in the history of foreign missions.

METHODS OF WORK.

On Monday, June 11, the real work of the Conference began. It was indeed a busy day. At 9.45 a prayer-meeting was held in one of the parlors, and at 10:30 the first regular sessions began. But first let us notice a few of the external arrangements of the Conference. Exeter Hall is well suited for the purposes of these meetings. The large hall above seats 2,000 people. The lower hall accommodates 500 or 600 For a third series of meetings the Annex, holding 200 or 800, is used. There are sitting-rooms and writing-rooms for the use of the delegates. Postal arrangements are provided; the reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association is thrown open.

There are inquiry offices and numerous committee men to answer inquirers. Every one shows the greatest courtesy, and the American delegates receive an especially hearty welcome. Arrangements for luncheon are most complete. Six hundred can, if they choose, lunch together in the gymnasium of the Y. M C. A. in Long Acre. All the foreign delegates receive lunch coupons for each day of the Conference—a generous hospitality, which they owe to a number of London gentlemen. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen have invited the members of the Conference to a garden party at Dollis Hill, their country place, on Saturday; the Tract Society and the National Temperance League have made arrangements to entertain the foreign delegates at breakfast, and the Evangelical Alliance expect to have a garden party on June 20. Yesterday the Lord Mayor held a reception for the American delegates.

MISSIONARY METHODS

But the hour of half-past ten has arrived, and we must hasten to the meeting. The first one we attend is confined to members of the Conference, and is held in the lower hall. Sir Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I., is the chairman. The general subject is Missionary Methods, the special topic being the agents. The aspects considered are the following: The missionaries, their qualifications, mental and spiritual. Their training—should there be special training for missionary service in addition to general education? If so, what should be its usual character? Should a knowledge of medicine be made a necessary branch of preparatory study? Should missionaries be required to give evidence of their having acquired an adequate knowledge of a native language before being finally fixed in their appointment, and before marriage, now that the facilities of travel are so changed? Are special missionary professorships or lectureships in colleges and theological seminaries in Christian lands desirable? Such is the programme to be discussed. It will not be surprising if many of these topics remain untouched, but it will give an idea of the purpose and spirit of the Conference if the full programme is thus outlined.

The Rev. C H Barlow, of the Church Missionary Society, read the first paper. He urged the necessity of a knowledge of doctrine on the missionary's part; pleads for an enlarged vision beyond the particular society or organization to which he may belong; argues for instruction in at least the elements of medicine, that calmness and confidence may be secured during sickness; and shows what an advantage some sort of manual training would prove, to make a man ready in an emergency with hand and brain. The Rev. H. Grattan Guinness followed: Only He who made the world can make a good missionary. The Acts of the Apostles is the best guide for missionaries. He especially pleaded for the testing and the developing of evangelistic gifts and ability, and urged open-air preaching among the home heathen as the best preparation. He spoke of the one hundred missionary students under his care as receiving a quiet, careful preparation in their studies in the country, and then coming to London to get at the practical side of the work. He emphasized medical training as necessary for all, but not in the same degree. *Nolens volens*, the missionary to Africa must undertake some medical services. An interesting discussion followed the reading of the papers. The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Island Mission, declared that it was at the peril of the church that she refuses candidates. If God chooses the most illiterate man, this man will do the work. It is of supreme importance that the Holy Ghost give the call. When the candidates have been received, don't spoil them by false training.

Dr. Post protested against sending men with a smattering of medical knowledge. There is room for every talent. We want farmers, blacksmiths, street evangelists, as well as scholars and linguists and great preachers. The Rev. L. Dahle, of Madagascar and the Norwegian Missionary Society, vigorously called for men of energy. All kinds of men are needed, but it all depends upon where you put the men.

A business man, Mr. Frederick Freemantle, urged the importance of sending Christian men as clerks and managers to foreign offices of English business houses.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

While the interesting discussion is proceeding, let us slip out and visit another meeting held in the Annex. Here the subject is Medical Missions, under these heads: The Place and Power of Medical Missions; the Relation of the Doctor to the Mission and to Mission Work; Ordained and Unordained Medical Missionaries; Training of Native Medical Students—Should it be confined to those who are designed for Mission Work?

If in the morning we had to decide between two interesting meetings, the afternoon sessions present a greater embarrassment. Here at three o'clock three conferences are being held—two open and one private. The last is held in the annex, and is concerned with Modes of Working. The topics considered are: The Position of Foreign Missionaries as the Chief Agents in Evangelistic and School Work in Heathen Countries and as the Leaders and Trainers of Natives; also, the Relation of Itinerant to Settled Missions.

CHINA AND ISLAM.

The Revs. Dr. Schreiber, J. Hudson Taylor, and J. Hesse are the writers of the papers on these subjects. In the large hall, under the chairmanship of Sir J. H. Kelmaway, M P., President of the Church Missionary Society, 1 200 people are met to hear accounts of missionary work in China. The Rev. Judson Smith, D D., the Rev. J. Macgowan, of the Baptist Missionary Society, the Rev. W. S Swanson, of the English Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. F. W. Baller, of the China Inland Mission, are the speakers. We are especially attracted, however, to the meeting in the lower hall, when the Increase of Islam is discussed. Sir William Hunter is the chairman. The interest this question has recently aroused justifies us in speaking at more length on this topic. It must be confessed that the meeting was not wholly satisfactory, and fell somewhat short of the promise held forth in the excellent opening remarks of the distinguished chairman. He stated that the object of the Conference was not so much to arouse enthusiasm as to state accurately the facts of the case, to "secure an accurate, honest, and convincing reply to the relative growth and power of Christianity and Islam." The difficulties in the work of missionary enterprise were fewer now than they were a century ago, but the problem was more complex. The churches had found the uselessness of sending out simply zealous missionaries, and saw the necessity of sending the strongest men against the masses of ignorance and superstition. The universities and public schools were carrying on missions, and they had the support of scientific thinkers and leaders of English education and thought. He had recently stated his views on the increase of Islam in India, and would only repeat his conclusion that while Mohammedanism is increasing at about the same rate as the population, viz., ten and a half per cent., the Christian population the past ten years has increased sixty-four per cent. He again warned the Conference to beware of exaggeration of statement, for these proceedings would be examined in all parts of the world. The Rev. Dr. Robert Bruce, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was the first speaker. Persia is his field. He dwelt on the evil influence of Islam on the mental, moral, and spiritual nature of Mohammedans, and, drawing his illustrations from the life of the Prophet and the claims of the Koran, declared it was quite impossible that this influence could be anything but bad. A most important paper was then read by the Rev. Dr. Schreiber upon the state of Islam in Dutch India. He noted the increase in the number of pilgrims to Mecca as an example of the growth in vigor and strength of Islam. In 1874 there were 33 000 who had made the pilgrimage, but this number had increased to 48,000. In Sumatra the number had risen from 8,000 to 15,000. There was great hatred against the unbelievers, and an increased belief in fatalistic doctrines. At the same time their clerical schools had greatly increased. In 1883 there were 10,000 schools, with 164,000 pupils; in 1885, 16 000 schools, with 255 000 pupils. But over against these facts must be placed the significant statement that of the 11,000 converts in Java the large majority are converts from Islam, and hundreds of Mohammedans are being baptized as Christians. Sir William Hunter might well speak of this as the most encouraging and convincing statement he had ever heard on this subject.

In speaking of the influence of Islam on the Social and Political Life of Mohammedans, Dr. Post, of the Syrian Protestant College at Beyrout, took as a conclusive illustration of this influence the condition of woman under Islam. He cautiously admitted that Mohammedanism may have improved the condition of things in Arabia, but asked what it had done for Persia, Asia Minor, Carthage, Syria. He charged those who maintained that Islam was a reform with the want of candor or historical knowledge. As to the political influence, Islam implies despotism, logically and historically. It tends to depopulation, to the destruction of the conquered nations, it destroys wealth and represses its production. The land tenure in Turkey is such that the fellaheen are tenants of the Crown. No trees are planted on account of the taxes. So of manufactures and commerce. An important contribution to the discussion was made by the Rev. E Sell, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society at Madras. He took a more hopeful view of Islam, and dwelt on the rise of the Reformed Mohammedan party in India.

Mr. Glenny, of the North Africa Mission, spoke of the degraded condition of Mohammedan women in Morocco and Tunis, where the vilest immorality and the cruelest oppression prevailed. There are sixty or seventy missionaries working in North Africa among the Mohammedans.

The evening meetings must receive a much briefer notice than they deserve. A large and enthusiastic audience assembled at seven o'clock in the large hall to consider the Condition and Increase of the Heathen and their Claims upon the Christian Church. Lord Aberdeen presided, and declared that we had met, not for self congratulation, but for study. Reformation is needed, and the purpose of the Conference is practical. The Rev. Prebendary Edmonds, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, spoke of India. For statistics he referred the audience to Sir William Hunter's "Indian Empire" and Cust's "Oriental Essays." In an eloquent and polished address he claimed that India needed a quickened sense of personality and responsibility.

The Rev. Hudson Taylor, of the Inland China Mission, spoke for China. After eighty years of contact with England, there were 32 000 Christians, for which we may be thankful; and 150,000,000 opium smokers, for which we may hang our heads in shame. The slave trade, the liquor traffic, the licensing of immorality—these were bad enough, but the opium curse is the sum of all villainy.

DR. PIERSON'S ADDRESS.

After listening to the Rev. Ezekiel Lones, of the Wesleyan Methodist Society in South Africa, the audience received with hearty applause Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia. His topic was "A General Survey." His address, which was warmly appreciated, was an eloquent exposition of the claims and work of Christian missions. Many telling quotations might be given. One or two must stand as specimens: "God with mystic keys of his own manufacture has opened the doors of the nations." "We must have a revival of supernaturalism. Let us have a book on 'Supernatural Law in the Natural World.'" (Professor Drummond was on the same platform with the speaker.) "Let us forget the things in which we differ, and emphasize the things in which we agree."

DEALING WITH SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

Tuesday, June 12, the Conference opened with a delightful prayer-meeting, and at half-past ten the consideration of missionary methods was resumed. The topic was an interesting one, dealing with social customs, the relation of the missionary to national, religious, and social customs, such as caste, slavery, polygamy, Indian marriage law, etc. The papers were written by the Rev. D. J. East, of the Calabar College, Jamaica, the Rev. Dr. Strieby, of the American Missionary Association, and the Rev. W. Holm, of the Danish Evangelical Missionary Society. The first two papers were interesting, but did not bear directly on the subject in hand. Mr. Holm's paper related to polygamy, and received close attention. The treatment of the question was scholarly and candid, and if the conclusion reached was considered by many unsatisfactory, the method of treatment deserved all praise. He confined his remarks to the way in which the Danish Missionary Society deals with the polygamist who wishes to be baptized. The difficulties in the question were clearly recognized, and the dangers in taking either side, but the conclusion reached was this: The polygamist cannot be baptized. He is to remain a catechumen till all but one wife die or

till the polygamous relation is dissolved. The man is not advised to repudiate his wives. On his death-bed it seems that baptism is allowed. Mr. Holm fully admitted that this solution was not ideal, but it seemed to be the best. As may be readily imagined, this subject gave rise to a warm discussion. But the first speaker, Sir Fowell Buxton, confined himself to criticising the too rigid insistence on European customs among native converts. He cited church architecture in India and the question of dress as examples of undue European influence. I need not enter at any length into the discussion on polygamy. Very different views were expressed. "Let true believers be baptized," said one, "but make very short work of cases of polygamous relations entered upon after baptism." "But the converts cannot discriminate," pleaded another, and therefore there must be one rule. Mr. Latrobe, of the Moravian Mission, referred to the principle laid down by the Moravian Synod: In no case are Christians to contract polygamous marriage; but in exceptional cases determined upon by the Synod, polygamists may be admitted to baptism, but in no cases polyandrists. Mr. Scott, of Natal, declared he could speak half an hour on either side of the question, but inclined to the baptism, in certain cases, of polygamists. This subject proved of such interest that another meeting has been appointed to further consider the question. At this session the Rev. Mr. Hesse, of North India, spoke of caste as an abomination as great as polygamy, and cited cases where in native (Christian) churches different mats were arranged for different castes. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, denounced in strong terms Indian marriage, and declared that non-Christian Hindus are preaching against it. While this interesting meeting was in session the subject of medical missions was being further discussed in the annex. The comparative value for mission purposes of hospital, dispensary, and itinerant medical mission work, and the question of the payment by patients, for medicine, were considered under the chairmanship of Sir Risdon Bennet, M.D., F.R.S. H. S. B.

London, June 12.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER IN CHRIST, FRANCES E. WILLARD.

FIFTEEN years ago, when you were Dean of the Woman's College at Evanston, and I was in the early stages of my experience as wife and mother, we used often to meet and take sweet counsel concerning the work which women might do for God and humanity. We were then in substantial accord concerning the current topics of reform, and both ardently hopeful, then as now, for the future of woman. Your life during these intervening years has been full of usefulness and blessing in a public career; mine has passed in the shelter and quiet of a happy home, and as the result of our different experiences we have come to differ widely, not concerning the exceeding desirability of extending the influence and activity of woman in the arena of human progress, but only in regard to the means by which this end is to be accomplished. You have became, not only a pronounced advocate of woman suffrage, but a skillful manager of the machinery of caucuses and conventions, while I am firmly of the opinion that scarcely a greater evil could befall the country at large, and woman herself, than that her nature should be deformed and her destiny travestied, as I believe they would be, by the imposition of political responsibilities.

A fundamental issue involved in this difference of opinion is that of the relation between men and women in regard to control or authority. Is it possible or desirable that women should exercise forceful control, either intellectual or moral over men? Has nature bestowed upon them the power to compel men to good morals, or to any given line of conduct, by legal process? In other words, would the ballot be the same thing in the hand of a woman that it is in the hand of a man, or would it be an emasculated agency?

When a woman bears a houseful of boy babies, strong, turbulent, hot blooded even in infancy, and brings them up, every one of them, to a simple, strong, and noble manhood, as thousands of women have done all over the land, she learns some things about the nature of men which I truly believe, no human being ever learned so effectually in any other way; and one of these things is that if you, a woman, wish to employ force in your system of government, you may do it safely and wisely before your boy has outgrown his knickerbockers, but *not* after that time. Every forceful method, every arbitrary restriction, on the part of his mother after that harms your boy. From the time when manhood begins to stir in his veins, he realizes more or less clearly that he was born to physical and intellectual mastery over women, and the more manly the boy the clearer will be this sense in him. Henceforth every forceful collision with him, however it terminates, weakens your influence over him. If you conquer him, it deals a deadly blow at his affection for you and his own self-respect. If he conquers you, it equally destroys his respect for you, and fosters in him the spirit of the bully. Do you, therefore, give up your control over him at this critical age? Not by any means, if you are a wise and faithful mother. You have already taught him, it is to be hoped, implicit obedience, the discipline of duty, and have laid the foundation of those habits of self-control which are to be the safeguards of his integrity in future years. Now you simply change your tactics, and find your rule of action ready made to your hand in that "more excellent way"—the way of love, so graphically described by St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthians (see Revised Version). And it is not to perpetuate your own control wholly, nor indeed chiefly, that you make this change. It is God's appointed way, and there is no other, of developing and ennobling that wonderful love-nature with which your boy is endowed, and converting it from a fruitful source of evil to a fountain of perennial life and ever springing joy. It is thus that you bind your boy to you with hooks of steel, and make it impossible that he should ever look upon a pure womanhood with other eyes than those of the tender love and respect inspired in him by his mother.

But these voters whom as a suffragist you desire to antagonize at the polls are just our boys, grown twenty-one and bearded, and I believe it is true that four out of five of the successful mothers of this country will agree with me that it is not in the power of any woman or set of women to compel them to become virtuous citizens. For let us observe that it is not the little piece of white paper that does the work of governing, but the actual physical force which stands behind it. And a law passed by the votes of women will have no more force or value, if it contravene the will of a majority of the men of the State, than the law passed in the nursery after the boy has grown to the estate of manhood. Nor is this want of respect for the authority of women the result, as we are often told by suffragists, of woman's lack of the prestige of citizenship. A thoughtful study of successive boys will teach you that it is a trait developed at a certain stage of their growth, and springing directly from those changes which mark the dividing line between the boy and the man. It is God's law implanted in their mental and moral constitution, and as such will sooner or later compel our respect.

Has nature, then, given woman no redress for this state of subjectivity to the physical pre-eminence of man? Yea, verily. Her power is dominant in the realm of morals; but it is true, the world over, that the higher the evolution of moral power the more perfectly is it emancipated from the methods of force, the more entire is its reliance upon the higher and purer methods of love. Love, then, is the secret spring of the woman's control over the man. Those very tides of strength and virility by which the destiny of the world is accomplished break in helpless subjection at the feet of the woman whom he loves. By an inexorable law of his nature he must seek the constant refreshing of his manhood at her hands; and he will render her just the return for this inspiration and uplifting which she demands. She may too often does throw away her scepter altogether, ignorant of its wonderful power; or she may seek her compensation in gold or luxury or fine apparel; but that is her own fault, and the misfortune of both of them. If, as the price of her love, she exacts honor, integrity, high purpose, noble living, then indeed is the world blessed in the love of these two. Aye, and so is God honored, for it is the order in which he has set the souls of men and women, as he has set the stars in theirs. As mother, sister, wife, friend, woman holds or may hold the destiny of man in her keeping. It is her office to supply that subtle inspiration which, acting through his love-nature, purified and ennobled by her influence, will, by God's grace, redeem him from his besetting sins, and make him the willing servitor of the being who embodies his highest ideal. This is nature's method of giving control over man into the hands of woman, and the history of human life is made up of instances where it has been a power in the hands of good women for good purposes, or of evil women for vile and destructive ends. You propose to enfranchise all women, the bad as well as the good; but when the former class find that the new method of control is less effectual than the old, it appears to me to be a foregone conclusion that they will fall back upon natural methods, and then you will have an element introduced into politics which will tax your reformatory powers to the utmost, and in a manner you have not anticipated, and beside which intemperance will seem a minor evil, because it will attack the very foundation of the home itself.

Nor is there any need of this unnatural and roundabout method of reform. The experience of the last twenty-five years has proved that whatever legislation is demanded for the amelioration of the legal status of women, or for the protection of the home, can be procured far more speedily and effectually by means of the votes of men than through any advantage which might be gained by woman suffrage.

It is your frequent plea that you wish to see mother-love and mother-wisdom applied to affairs of state. So must we all of us, as women who love our race. But I realize two things: first, that much of the wisdom that now rules in legislative halls is truly that which has been inculcated by mothers in quiet and obscure homes: and, second, that to transplant the root of home love and influence to public life would be as fatal to it as to try to force the rose of Cashmere, rich, fragrant, beautiful, instinct with life and sweetness in its own native valley, to grow on cold Alpine heights, or on the arid wastes of the desert. God has not so ordained its nature and destiny. Woman must utilize her wisdom concerning public affairs by first applying it to the hearts and consciences of the men whom God has placed nearest to her, and, so vivified and energized by their masculine strength, it shall be laid upon the altar of the State, the pure and perfect offering of these two whom Almighty God has ordained to be one.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

Caroline F. Corbin.

Chicago, June, 1888.

COVENTRY, OLD AND NEW.

By Frances A. Humphrey.

THE town of Coventry possesses a special fascination because of the unique combination in it of the old and the new.

It may be named as one of the most "go-ahead" of English towns. It is the center of the bicycle and watch making trades, and most of the English ribbons are woven in the mills and homes in and around Coventry. Here, too, are manufactured the silk book-marks, called Stevengraphs from their designer, which find their way to the United States; and who of womankind has not heard of Coventry ruffling?

It is this new Coventry that greets the visitor as he steps from the railway train. It is true that his eye is at once attracted by the three tall spires which have given to it its name of "the city of the three spires," the oldest of which has pointed heavenward for five hundred years; and if he knows his Tennyson he will murmur to himself:

> "I waited for the train at Coventry;
> I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge
> To watch the three tall spires."

But these lofty spires do not of themselves lend a distinct air of antiquity to the town, and nothing could be more intensely modern, more of this latter half of the nineteenth century, than the steam tram which awaits near the station to convey passengers into the town and to Bedworth, four miles out.

The street leading into the town is broad, and its dwellings are modern. The visitor passes a pretty green park, at one end of which stands the handsome statue of Sir Thomas White, who founded schools for the orphan daughters of the freemen of Coventry in an age when the education of girls was but little considered. All honor to his memory!

At the bottom of Hertford Street, from the upper window of a small inn, leans a wooden figure peering with a cautious air around the corner. This, any passer-by will inform the inquisitive visitor, is "Peeping Tom," at the mention of whom, as with a magician's wand, the new Coventry gives place to the old—the Coventry of Victoria I. to that of Edward the Confessor.

There is a second Peeping Tom, claimed to be the genuine thing of which the other is but an imitation, leaning from an attic window of King's Head Hotel at the upper end of Hertford Street.

He looks out upon the busy, crowded square with an air of surprise, as though he had just waked up from his eight centuries of sleep and were lost in astonishment, as well he might be, at the immense changes that have taken place during that time.

This square is called Broad Gate, in which name doubtless lies concealed a whole history. Everything about it except its name is modern, and if it be the day of the weekly market, which falls on Friday, it will be filled with men and women shopping, or talking over their affairs at the street corners, in the Warwickshire dialect made familiar to us through George Eliot's novels.

A few steps out of this square and we plunge into Old Coventry, with its gabled, red-tiled, half-timbered houses, and narrow, winding, lane-like streets.

On and on we ramble, lost in admiring wonder over the piles and piles of delicious old dwellings, with bracketed stories projecting one over the other, and clustering chimneys, rich in outline, and wide, small-paned windows, and doorways all askew, but set with exquisite carvings.

And the roofs! Nothing under the sun can equal in color an ancient, well-mellowed, red-tiled roof. The depth of its carmines is simply marvelous. It glows

and glows. The beauty of it satisfies both eye and soul. And Coventry is surpassingly rich in these old roofs. One lingers and lingers, loth to pass them by. And if he be an American, he recalls the raw, "eye-peeling" red of our painted seaside cottage, and shudders.

It is doubtful, however, if our drier climate could ever produce such coloring, allowing that time and material were given. The soft, moist breath of the Gulf Stream is the magician that has wrought the miracle here.

White Friars Lane indicates that we are in the neighborhood of the site of the old Carmelite monastery founded in 1342 and dissolved by Henry VIII., at which time it came into possession of John Hales, one of the many early benefactors of Coventry. He first opened his school in the church of this monastery, known to-day as "King Henry VIII. School" for boys. It has a handsome building now, at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars, in another part of the town.

Queen Elizabeth was a guest at White Friars when John Hales occupied it. Its site is now that of the workhouse. Parts of the monastery are incorporated into the present building, and so the resort of royalty has come to be that of pauperism. But Queen Bess would not object; she always knew how to yield handsomely to the wishes of her "good people," even if she occasionally boxed the ears of her statesmen.

We enter White Friars Lane under a small stone arch. It winds circuitously by a series of back doors, from out which look frowsy women, while their dirty offspring play in the gutters. This lane debouches into another street under a ponderous stone arch which proves to be one of the ancient city gates. It possesses no architectural beauty, and interests only through association. It could tell us, doubtless, of many gorgeous entrances during the time when Coventry was "the chamber of princes." To-day a portion of it is occupied for a butcher's shop.

The history of Coventry goes far back into the past It was a thriving town in the time of Edward the Confessor, at which period Leofric, Earl of Chester, flourished there, and laid heavy imposts on its citizens, from which they were relieved by the generosity of his wife, Lady Godiva. For, however much we may question the exactness of the popular legend concerning her, the fact remains that by her persuasions she did secure more comfortable conditions for the people of Coventry.

"*Here is a wrong; let us right it!*" This, as many a beautiful Middle Age legend tells us, has been woman's function in all uncivilized times," writes Charles Kingsley in one of his "Social Essays;" "not merely to melt man's heart to pity, but to awaken it to duty. But the man must see that the woman is in earnest; that, if he will not repair the wrong by justice, she will, if possible (as in those old legends), by self-sacrifice."

And this is the lesson taught by the beautiful old legend of Lady Godiva, cherished to this day in the hearts of the Coventry folk.

In the reign of Richard II. a pictured window was put into Trinity Church commemorative of Leofric and Godiva, in which the former held a scroll bearing the inscription:

"I Luriche for the love of thee
Doe make Coventre toll free."

This window has long since been destroyed, but fragments of it have been preserved, with other bits of old stained glass, and are all massed together in a modern window of the same church. If the visitor be at all interested in the old legend, the verger will disentangle for him from out the confused mass the word "Luriche," all that remains of the couplet, and also a fragmentary group about four inches high of Lady Godiva upon her horse.

It was on a public road near Coventry that Falstaff halted with his "scarecrow" soldiery when on the way to Shrewsbury.

"Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through," is his characteristic order. Though on reflection he changes his mind: "I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat."

Here Prince Hal overtakes him.

Prince Hal—But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff—Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince Hal—I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff—Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men!

Coventry was incorporated by Edward III., and erected into a city and county by Henry VI. But a few years ago it was again, by the desire of the inhabitants, re-incorporated with the county of Warwick.

The most interesting of its older buildings, take it all in all, is the ancient and beautiful pile known as St. Mary's Hall, the seat of the ancient guilds.

The origin of these early guilds or fraternities has been traced to the time of the Saxons, when the law obliged every freeman fourteen years old to find security to keep the peace; hence arose the necessity of neighbors forming a kind of club, being bound either to produce any of their number who committed an offense or to make satisfaction to the injured party in case of his flight. They raised a sum of money for this purpose, or severally contributed a periodical payment to a common fund. As the country advanced in trade and manufactures these guilds increased in importance, their scope was enlarged, and it was found necessary to obtain legal sanction for their existence. Hence the origin of corporations. Buildings for their accommodation naturally followed, in which their business was transacted, and where they met for social pleasures, chief of which was the eating of dinners.

In the basement of St. Mary's Hall we are introduced to the ancient kitchen, with four immense fireplaces, within whose arches the dinners were cooked which were served in the great hall above. This hall is about seventy by thirty feet, and has a beautifully carved ceiling of oak, thirty-four feet in height. From out its dusky depths lean faces that have looked down on four hundred years of feasting.

The lover of old documents will linger over the cases in the Muniment Room, wherein they are spread open for inspection. Here is one bearing the signature of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the famous kingmaker, and the hero of Bulwer's historical novel, "The Last of the Barons." The penmanship, however, is not his; oh, no! for the brave and high-minded Baron disdained the effeminate accomplishment of writing.

Near by is an agreement, dated at Warwick, and drawn up between his son-in-law, Clarence of York, and Coventry, touching certain jewels pledged by the former in exchange for Coventry moneys. For Clarence suffered from the chronic impecuniousness common to princes, or, as the verger put it in terse modern phrase, "he was always out of money."

This is the Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine at the instigation of that wily plotter, Richard of York, afterward Richard III—so writes our Shakespeare, that "divine apparition" whom Mr. Donnelly is engaged at this moment in annihilating, with about as much prospect of success as would await upon a similar attempt upon the north star.

And here is a letter from Richard III. himself, of which the verger kindly gives me a copy, in good round hand. It is an appeal, dated April 2, 1485, to "oure trusty and well-beloved the Mayre, Aldreman, and Sherife of our City of Coventre."

Richard now trembles in his turn, for news has come to him that Henry of Richmond has landed at Milford-Haven, and he stations scouts in the west country to transmit any fresh intelligence concerning the movements of the latter, and he desires that his people of Coventry shall provide them with horses and guides at their need, promising that for these "labors" they shall be rewarded; a promise canceled, with many others, by Bosworth field.

A letter from Elizabeth orders that strict watch shall be kept over Mary, Queen of Scots, who was at one time imprisoned at Coventry, first in the Bull Inn, a building that gave place in 1793 to the present Barracks, and afterwards in St. Mary's Hall. The verger shows me the key of her room, with a brass tag attached, stating that it is "the key of Queen Mary's chamber."

Among the objects of interest in the Mayoress's parlor is a fine old double chair of carved oak in which, I am told, have sat the "holy Henry" and the fiery Margaret of Anjou, who seem to have been specially fond of their city of Coventry and visited it frequently in the troublous times that came to them. On the top of this chair is carved an elephant bearing a castle—the arms of Coventry. The elephant curiously illustrates the ignorance of the carver concerning his anatomy. The elephant is a kneeling creature, but so arranged are the joints of this beast that by no possibility could he kneel. The antiquarians, who are expected to account for everything, offer the suggestion that the early carvers had for a model only the rough and inaccurate drawings of the Crusaders. But this style of drawing remained unaltered down to twenty years ago, at which time the elephant on the Mayor's chair was carved after the same quaint fashion.

To this seal of Coventry was added a cat, by order of Charles II., in retaliation for the stand the city took against the usurpations of Charles I. For from being the "chamber of princes" and the beloved of kings and queens, Coventry had become democratic.

The first hostilities of the Civil War broke out at Coventry. Charles I. proposed to occupy the town with his troops, but the inhabitants, though they intimated that his Majesty's royal person would be welcome, declined to receive his soldiery. Lord Northampton having been sent to remonstrate with them, such was the feeling he aroused that he had to escape secretly. Thereat Charles attacked the city and broke down one of its gates, but was driven back with great slaughter.

Birmingham, Warwick, and Coventry, being in the immediate neighborhood of each other and all three strongly Parliamentarian, shared at this time their ammunition and arms. Birmingham was not a strongly fortified town like Coventry, which had a wall and twelve stout gates, and so whenever a suspected royalist was seized in its vicinity he was immediately forwarded to Coventry for safe keeping; hence originated the well-known phrase, "send him to Coventry."

After the Restoration Charles II. took his revenge upon the city by ordering its walls to be destroyed, and a cat added to its coat-of-arms. The elephant and castle signified strength and vigilance; the cat, presumably, treachery. A curious order coming from a Stuart, and the son of a man who never hesitated to betray his friends!

A portrait of Bloody Mary hangs in the Mayoress's parlor. It is said to be of great value as a painting, though the artist is unknown. But if one, through the softening influence of Tennyson's "Queen Mary," or through any other medium, has come to regard her memory with somewhat pitying clemency, and wishes to retain that feeling, let him not look upon this picture. There is something about the Jesuitical face, sly and relentless, that will promptly harden his softening judgment.

St. Mary's has a crypt, and a crypt may be described as a glorified cellar. Its chief use in this instance seems to be to receive all the useless and antiquated rubbish which may not otherwise be disposed of. The old whipping post and stocks are deposited therein, and the verger surprised me by saying that the latter had been used within his recollection. And it was in a talk apropos of stocks that the remark was made that "England was rapidly advancing toward a larger freedom."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it is you over the other side that are doing it. You bring such a pressure to bear upon us we can't help ourselves. We have to go ahead."

St. Mary's Hall, Trinity and St. Michael's Churches are in close neighborhood. St. Michael's is a magnificent church, one of the largest parish churches in England. The present building was begun in the latter part of the fourteenth century. When I saw it, scaffoldings partially concealed its beautiful and lofty tower and spire. For these ancient stone buildings are never in complete order. So long are they in building that, by the time the last stone is wrought and laid, repairs begin on the earlier portions, and the artisan's hammer seldom ceases to be heard in and around them. Sir Christopher Wren put the seal of his approbation upon this old church of St. Michael's by pronouncing it a masterpiece.

Excavations of recent years on Hill Top have uncovered the foundations of the monastery founded by Leofric and Godiva, and in the porch of which they were buried. Though, it should be said, the excavations are but partial, as the buildings of the Girls' Blue Coat School occupy a portion of the site.

Hard by stands a fine old half-timbered dwelling, from which I saw issuing groups of children carrying tins of soup. I recognized at once one of those kitchens for the poor so common in English towns, and, as strangers are not looked upon as intruders into such, I entered, and was cordially welcomed by the woman in charge, who with great volubility explained the system of giving dinners. A ticket, costing one shilling and threepence, entitles the holder to five dinners per week—from Monday to Friday, inclusive.

On the day of my visit the dinner consisted of soup and boiled rice; on one day of the five legs of mutton are provided, and on Thursdays "cows' cheeks, which," said my informant, with that unique use of the relative pronoun made familiar to us by Dickens, "which it is very good when rightly cooked." To which assertion I gave a voiceless assent, not at all knowing what "cows' cheeks" are.

There has been great destitution in Coventry during the past winter, especially among the weavers of ribbons; though why that class should suffer more than any other it is difficult to say, as ribbons are now much worn. I took up a Coventry paper a short time since in which it was stated that one out of every forty-seven of its inhabitants had received help during this winter of 1887–88—an enormous sum of pauperism. Gallons of soup are cooked daily in the kitchen of St. Mary's Hall for the starving poor.

The Girls' Blue Coat School was founded in the reign of Queen Anne. Thirty girls are trained therein for domestic service. They wear a uniform consisting of a round blue cape, a poke bonnet of straw plainly crossed with blue ribbon, and a muslin cap. I met them on the street going happily home from the morning session.

Coventry is rich in endowed schools. A woman who had resided there told me there were especial advantages for the schooling of the lowest class, though there was less than in Warwick for the lower middle class, to which by inference she belonged. She dropped her h's, and was the wife of a small retail grocer selling cheese at that very moment over the counter, and yet she talked of the distinctions of class, and held herself a degree higher than the wife of a day laborer.

I remember, one day, sitting and listening to a pretty, refined young woman as she discoursed upon "the class below us and the lower class." She, I fancy, belonged to the upper middle class, though I have never been able fairly to get these lines of social cleavage through my republican brain. It is a comforting reflection, when listening to such talk, that, however it may be echoed by a few silly Americans with their "upper, middle, and lower classes," the real thing is out of harmony with, and can never have any vitality in, a republic.

There is in Coventry a beautiful and well-preserved specimen of the half-timbered style of building, Gray Friars' Hospital, of which it has been said, as of the famous campanile at Florence, that "it deserves to be kept in a glass case." After admiring its front of three gables, exquisitely carved, as is every other part of the timber work, I stepped over its immaculate threshold of stone scoured to a snowy whiteness, into the paved court around which the hospital is built.

It is said to accommodate seventeen inmates—old women—besides the matron and trustees. But it might have been the enchanted palace of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments for all the signs of life there were. I gazed up for a few moments at the windows, many in number, and enriched with bits of stained glass, that look down into the court, and then, observing an open passage, I passed on through it into the ample, well-kept garden, and still no one appeared.

I might have sought, and doubtless found, a bell, but there was a fascination in exploring the silent place in this way that was irresistible.

As I returned from the garden, however, an ancient and wrinkled dame looked out from a half-opened door. I stopped and spoke to her, and she invited me in. She was one of the inmates, and this was her room. She was eighty-eight years old, she said, and a little deaf, but could hear if a person spoke distinctly. She could read for two or three hours at a time, as her eyesight was good. She held a fresh newspaper in her hand, and remarked, as she smiled affectionately at it, that though she had plenty of good books, she liked to read the newspapers—bless her! It was the "Missis'" paper, she added; the "Missis" was very good to her; she was good to all the old women. If any of them were not able to do their work, she looked after them.

These old women have each a room, rent free, and four shillings per week. She showed me her grate, with its hobs, all nicely blacked, calling my attention especially to the oven. Here she does her small cooking. In one corner of the room stood her bed, and small pictures and photographs adorned her walls, and bits of cheap china her mantelpiece.

She looked, and doubtless was, comfortable and content. But she said there were eight empty rooms, for the foundation would not permit of the admission of any more inmates unless the dole of four shillings per week were lessened; and she did not see how they could live on much less! four shillings being a trifle less than one dollar, United States currency.

I gave her a bit of silver, for which she dropped the courtesy of thanks, so pathetic when coming from one so old and wrinkled as she, and then came away, having seen no other face in all the place than hers.

It was when returning from this hospital that I saw a detachment of her Majesty's cavalry then stationed at Coventry. The horses were superb, and an admiring Briton, with whom I exchanged some observations while waiting for them to pass said the horses always improved in appearance when staying in Coventry the result of the excellent water they had to drink. One more commendation of this old town, so admirable and so thoroughly delightful in many ways!

Lovers of George Eliot will not forget that she was at school at Coventry from her twelfth to the end of her sixteenth year, and they will find the building wherein the school of the Misses Franklin was taught at No. 48 Little Park Street.

It is a Queen Anne house, of red brick, with quoins and facings of light stone. There are one or two picturesque old dwellings in its neighborhood. It stands near the end of the street, which terminates in a small green, from which narrow, hedge bordered ways wind away beguilingly.

When twenty-three she removed with her father from Griff House to Foleshill, a suburb of Coventry. It was while residing at the latter place that she made her translation of Strauss's "Life of Christ," working with an image of the Crucified on the table before her.

The Misses Franklin were daughters of a Coventry Baptist minister, the original of Rufus Lyon in "Felix Holt." He inhabited a house in the chapel yard almost exactly like that of Rufus Lyon in the novel.

A daughter of one of George Eliot's schoolmates says: "For this venerable gentleman Miss Evans, as a schoolgirl, had a great admiration, and I, who can remember him well, can trace in Rufus Lyon himself many slight resemblances, such as the 'little legs' and the habit of walking up and down when composing."

He is a most quaint and lovable personage, and is the one contribution of Coventry to the portraiture in George Eliot's novels.

TOM ——.

By Henry W. Cleveland.

IN TWO PARTS.—II.

THAT autumn Tom —— was elected to Congress, defeating easily an old and able incumbent, and was married to Lucy —— on the eve of starting to Washington. His first speech there was paragraphed freely in the New York "Herald," and in all of the party papers of the country as well. He was made chairman of an important committee in his second session, and I, still an editor, saw him at times in the Capitol, grave, handsome, becoming portly, like his father, and, if not a leader, at least a lieutenant without consultation with whom his party seldom acted. His wife was lovely in a way the girl had never been—a leader of the female brigade that is now the light infantry of every party, and with a dignified sweetness not far removed from sadness—that

"Which resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

One thing was a little talked of: she never danced, and had refused the British Ambassador upon a state occasion. I called upon them at the National, and found her even more delightful as a woman than as a girl; but she was always furtively watching him or for him. She said, as I took her hand at the parting, "Come to our hotel; be with him as you used to—stay all of the session; I beg that you will—please say you will!" I could not ask "Why?" for he came up the stairs, and I could not unless he asked me. I sent my traps over to the National, but he was a statesman, and the word "committee" covered any seeming slight. I don't think any was meant.

The war came, and Tom was for a time the head of an important bureau, not quite in the Cabinet, and in 1862 he was in commission and command of a fine brigade. Lucy was President of a State Hospital Association, and it was said, on the authority of Lee, that in Tom's brigade men were better clothed, there were fewer deaths from camp disorders, and fewer desertions, than from any part of the Army of North Virginia. He was prone, however, to favorably indorse every application for leave of absence for a soldier where a woman wrote a letter with it; and if his wife indorsed upon the plea of the soldier's wife, "They are in great need," or "I think the child will die unless he can come home and provide for them," he took the bull by the horns, wrote the furlough, and ordered the transportation himself. This worked for a time, as he had been chief in the Department, and his name was still recognized as one having authority.

But one day a captain, acting under higher orders, refused to recognize his order to put a sick man on a train, and he slapped the officer's face, and put the man on with his own hands. Nothing came of this at the time, but a hesitation to put his brigade into a position where they would be cut to pieces by artillery for no possible good led to his arrest.

No court-martial was convened, and after some months of idleness, with no command, he tendered his resignation. It was accepted out of order, as he was under charges, and he spent the rest of the years of the war in his State Legislature, passing resolutions about the treatment of citizen soldiers.

I, too, was in the army, with a regiment only, and saw little of him, and Lucy I saw only as the angel of my sick and wounded men. She told me one thing: "When they refused to let him send his sick men home, and refused any help to the sick wives and children at home, he was—I don't know how to tell you—actually intoxicated!" Poor little woman! And yet I do not think in all his life Tom ever staggered, or was unable to properly transact any business.

The war ended, and while the city property had been burned, the Magnolia plantation and mansion, near a small town, had not been reached. It was the great house of the village—wide porticoed, vast in its yard, and thicketed with roses—and the avenue to it, of noble magnolia trees and live oaks, was a mile long. Back of all lay eight thousand acres of land. I saw them here, and after supper, which Lucy had mainly prepared—so free were the newly freed men and women—Tom and I walked up the avenue, and he said, "If this place were free of debt, Lucy and I could be very happy here."

"How did you get in debt?" I demanded. Said he: "It is curious to me even. I went to Richmond to demand the pay for my men, and got it, high up in the thousands, for it was months behind. I knew there was fifty thousand—Confederate scrip, of course—more than would be taken by the men, so many were dead, and Lucy needed as much as that for her hospital. I could not send it to her just so, for it wasn't mine. I was at the Spotswoodie, and lots of brokers and Jews were there, flush of money from cattle and all sorts of job contracts. I am a master of cards, having put all my mind to it—and you know I have some of that. I determined to win a round hundred thousand, and send to Lucy for her sick. I think the first time I ever knelt down and prayed since mother died was just then. I got up feeling very glad, as if I had a sort of commission to do it. Witness, I think the Methodists call it. I played with men who deserved to lose, for they were stay-at-homes who fattened on the sufferings of the South, and preyed on the defenseless and the orphaned. I was as sure I was for God and truth and right as when I saved that calf, who is still in the Asylum, I hear. By the way, it is singular that he wasn't converted! I only intended to risk ten thousand, as I had that in cotton. I won sixty thousand, and then—how could I ever have done it?—I lost it all, and my margin of soldiers' money besides!"

"Oh, Tom!" I cried; "stop, or I shall hate you!"

"That would be a sort of comfort," he said, composedly, "since I cannot hate myself, and it rather seems that it should be done by somebody! It is to me simply one of the best deeds of my life—only, somehow, confound it, I missed!"

"Well?" I said, contemptuously.

"Not well, but very ill," said Tom. "My father-in-law had been obliged to mark his cotton goods C S A, and furnish the government; first, to get his workmen detailed as conscript exempts, and then, when they were put in the ranks anyway, he taught country girls and women, but still had to use great care not to have the factory seized by Jews who had army contracts to fill. One day General Grant[1] and staff came in, after a battle in which our folks were worsted. Lucy's father said: 'I showed him through, gave him my sealed contracts as a private manufacturer, and told him how dependent the poor women were on the work. He was very patient, and I was about to ask for a guard to protect me, when he said to my foreman, "Tell your hands they have done enough for to-day," and to his orderly, "Set a fire there in that lint cotton; it is a very good place."'"

"Did he burn it?" said I.

"Yes," said Tom. "Father said—you know I mean Lucy's father; mine was dead—that some of the girls had hardly time to get down the long stairs."

"Well?" I asked again.

"Ill," said Tom. "I could not go to him, and Lucy had about used up my bank account, and her father's too. I sold my cotton, and still had to borrow some money from the Jews I had played with. They took an obligation payable in gold, and that is on our home. It is a small matter, only five thousand dollars, on property worth over one hundred thousand. Father's library was sent here from the city, with the statues—and father paid Powers eight thousand dollars for one *replica* of the 'Greek Slave.' It is the best of all he made, the one with the long link or bar chain. I will sell it and the library to you for the five thousand."

I had made nearly that on a war and personal biography, and with friends got the money for him in gold coin, to the disgust of the creditor, who had demanded the whole property for his debt.

Lucy never knew—and another Lucy, sweet as a wild rose, was blooming in the home, while a little mound marked the rest of another Tom. Our Tom settled into a cotton and rice planter, and in two years had paid me my money. No cards were ever allowed in his house. He made a very fine wine of his Catawba grapes, and used no other beverage save coffee. It was a source of income, for in one good year he sold twelve hundred gallons of pure wine.

We drifted apart until the States were all permitted to have their own elections, and then he and I found ourselves in the Legislature; he a leader, I a very verdant learner. Lucy his wife and Lucy his daughter were with him, and they and my wife were soon good friends. We were about to make a cautious move on the old line of States' Rights, and we had to win Republicans, or the Senators to be elected to Congress could not be our men. The old words, "We request our Representatives in Congress, and instruct our State Senators," have been out of print so long that they look unfamiliar. The purpose was to further a bill to prohibit post-tradership and their Indian traffic. General Belknap had not yet brought them into notice, but we had the facts. The Government had sold largely of the captured Confederate arms, and some were Whitney or Springfield rifles, some the English or Enfield.

Traders had bought these, often as low as twenty five cents each, and sold them to Indians for several dollars each. With the bayonet, they were used as gun and spear from the Indian pony backs. This was bad enough, but bad whisky went with good guns. Confederates moving West had been murdered, and while we could only "request" our Representatives, who were from the people as we were, as States we could "instruct" our Senators, chosen by the States. To get our Legislature up to this old States' Rights mark was to get

[1] See General Grant's own book, art. Jackson, Miss.

a party control. To get party control was to restore the power of taxation and control of State bonds to the whites who paid the taxes. To get it we offered to appropriate annually the same sum to a State colored university[1] that we did to the one for whites.

Tom was to make the speech, and a joint session of both Houses was agreed upon.

I had a talk with him, and he said, "Old fellow, I am in a tight place. You know I told you how I prayed once for the money for Lucy's hospital?"

"Yes," I said, rather coldly.

Said Tom: "Lucy joined the church when in her short dresses, at a big revival where they expected to get me. Lucy is a true woman, and a real Christian, if there are any.

"Since our little boy died"—his voice shook here—"she has asked me to pray with her, and I have. I don't feel it as she does—my head is numb, or something, where I ought to feel. We pray for our girl and for general prosperity. A negro burned my rice-mill, and it was uninsured, and the cotton-gin caught too. We only saved the house. I speculated a little in cotton futures, and my information was wrong. There were half a million more bales back in the country than I supposed. Then a clear Providence came."

He paused here, and I repeated for the third time my interrogative—"Well?"

"Ill," said Tom. "We had asked for money to rebuild the burned property, and we both took it for granted that the Lord sent it. A gentleman drove up in a carriage, with his wife and children. They were on a pleasure tour, and—might they spend the night in this really grand Southern mansion, and not at the little inn? They had heard so much of Southern hospitality, but—

"They stayed. The gentleman, with his fingers at his side whiskers, murmured 'How sad!' over the rusty engines of my burned mill.

"He contemplatively took a bit of pasteboard from his waistcoat pocket and said, 'If you should happen to need any funds, there is an institution expressly adapted and intended to aid the South to recover from her war losses. Incendiary fires—dear me, how sad!'

"The upshot was that he, as a director of the 'Great Southern and Northern Loan and Mutual Benefit Company,' would promise me, as a poor return for opening our hospitable doors, a loan of ten thousand dollars on three years' time, at eight per cent., and easily renewable at the expiration, etc., etc.

"It was one of my don't-care times; my head was dull and my thinking powers dull. I said I would take it. He happened by mere chance to have some blanks with him, and he thought the company's legal man and examiner would be on his way from Florida and could be intercepted by a telegram. Lucy, my wife, thought the nice Northern people a direct answer to prayer. I do not think I had an idea within the space of three weeks. The other man came, and—while land was so low, the risk all theirs, etc., he thought the property might bring thirty thousand dollars.

"It was the rule of the company to only loan one-third the value. Said he, 'We show you our whole plan. No secrets between friends. Money in England goes a-begging at three per cent. Even in the Mexican war times the great Washington banker, W. W Corcoran, negotiated his first $10 000 000 loan for the United States at five per cent. No land on earth but this favored South can pay eight per cent. and never feel it. This brings capital, asking you as a favor to take it. Our principals do not want land. They would not have it as a gift. They want the noble interest, but it is so great they fear its certainty. It looks speculative. To make them feel easy, we are a little stringent. As the State laws are not very wise about mortgages—do not protect them against minor heirs, in fact—we take what we call a deed. It is purely formal and conditional. We make a small charge for examining titles, and we show that we are for the South, not ourselves, by even refusing any part of the loan back under three years."

"Exactly," I said.

Said Tom, "I am called a great man. 'Write me down an ass' I did not think once. I seemed incapable of thought when the deed was ready and the notes. Lucy objected. I said she did not understand business, and signed, although it was on my tongue to tell the fellow he was an idiot or took me for one. The money was then counted out, less eight hundred dollars. 'For expenses,' the gentleman said, with a smile. 'Lawyers charge so much to leave their homes and families,' said his wife.

"His agent had driven off with the deed, and my notes, and borrowed my horse! I could not bear to own to Lucy that I had less sense than a negro, and said gruffly, 'That is all right.' I even forgot that my notes were for the full sum, and were small, so as to come into the lower court jurisdiction. I—I—drank considerably in that week.

"A man came up to return my horse, and driving the finest pair of Kentucky horses I had seen since the war. My girl Lucy and my wife love horses and dogs next to God. Only three thousand dollars! I was stupid as an owl, and paid it. I went to S——, to buy new engines, and sent home a carriage at $600 for the horses. I seemed to wake up, with $3 800 gone of my $10 000—or $9 200—and the deed to my home out of my hands. I *must* get the money, and sue at once for its recovery. To go into court with my case, I must deposit the $10 000. I—I—I played cards allnight, and lost $3 000. I have the rest, and must get into the Senate, and have power—it is infamous!"

I did not make him any answer. The debate came on, and Tom made a grander speech than he had on the murder and insanity plea. He pictured the Indian, brutal by nature, of the race that had exterminated the civilized mound and city builders as the Goths overran Rome. He told of the Jesuit narrations, of the corn planting, peaceful tribes, utterly, and without a survivor, exterminated in North America long after the Pilgrims came. He told of Kentucky citizens and the River Raisin. He portrayed the emigrant, the kindred from whom we had letters, as the slow wagons drove toward the sunset. How many ruined Confederates had gone! But the colored race had hopes there, of vast colonies all of one color, and with local government all their own. He told how the axes rang, the trees fell, the cabin arose, the corn was planted. Hope and gladness gilded the hardships, for this again was home. Fertile Kentucky and Alabama had no better soil, no grander tribes, no richer minerals. Indians were not near, and their visitors were friendly. The post trader began to sell, and the settler saw them armed with guns as good as his own. Northern settlers had, in a few cases, the repeating arms, but the Southern had not even the breech-loaders. Whisky began to tell, and insolence and jealousy scowled in the late friendly faces. The rest of the story—read it in the ashes of the cabin, the wasted corn where the ponies are turned free, the charred bones, the slow-wheeling vulture, and the tears of a captive child!

"I move, sir, the resolution, that our Representatives be requested, and that our Senators be instructed, to vote for the bill repealing," etc.

The negro members were just wild. They stood on their desks to vote—*Yes*.

The next day, in joint session, we elected Tom —— to the United States Senate.

In twenty days he had returned from Washington, refused his seat because his disabilities had not been removed. He had been a member of the old Congress, sworn to support the old Constitution. His wife and daughter had gone with him, and he had spent his money. I tried to get money for him to begin suit to recover the deed, and tried an act of our Legislature. We did pass a law for stay of execution, but the whole land was wild over the proposal to frighten away capital, just when it had begun in timid rivulets to seek the South.

Tom was first to say, "It is of no use; they can mass the notes as one obligation and sue in the United States Courts. We cannot pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts."

Said I, "What will you do?"

Said he, "Go home while I have one. Lucy, my wife, has gone home very sick."

I saw in a newspaper, in the next fortnight, that she was dead. I heard that Tom was drinking, but never drunken, and had rented his land, making no effort to restore its prosperity. I also heard that her last words were, "Tom, you never spoke to me roughly but once; if, as you have been good to me and to our children, you can be good to—"

She never finished, and from his face her look was up, as if to Another, in appeal from the world that condemned.

The three years ended, and we had compelled the owners to secure their deed by public sale under decree of court. Friends bought the homestead, but panic was in the air, and the great domain went to strangers.

Tom sent for me when he was thought dying of no describable disease. We sat in the wide porch, and he said: "I am a mystery to myself. At times I am the soul of honor and the incarnation of good sense. I have been kindly loaned a pamphlet on the alcoholization of the brain cells and tissues. I don't believe a word of it. I do not believe that liquor, the juice of the noble corn or grape, can slowly stew a person's brain, as liquor cooks the raw egg in an egg nog. If it does, I was so before I was born, for I had sullen fits when a child, and times of no reason, as I do now. I was even more so. At times I find my brain clear as a silver bell, and my will the master on its seat. If my brain was as the pamphlet says, I would always be stupid. But I have my flashes of wonderful life. Have you heard of the new railway to open up the mineral lands of Alabama, and the canal to drain the Everglades? Florida has the latter."

"Yes," I said; "your name appears prominently."

"Exactly," he answered. "They must have State charters. I secured them from the Legislatures. They must have names to command confidence. Whose better than mine? I am elected to Congress, and can take my seat now if I can get there. I am not Senator nor Governor, and have not been the only power, not even the chief one. The great fortunes have gone elsewhere, but I have made enough. I again own every acre of the old plantations, and the mills are rebuilt. My child is rich.

"Now, could I have done this with a cooked head? And yet—at times I see the right, and do it. Again, my wife, my home, my child, my soul—I? I have one—are all as nothing to one stupid desire. I would then give up all for a glass of my own wine, or the excitement of playing for money that I never really needed.

"My wife prayed—it was to the air or the trees so far as my emotion followed hers. I never had any feeling, save once, except when I pleaded for others. Do you know that when I made the Legislature wild by depicting the horrors of savages drunken and mad with murder and worse passions still, on the vile whisky of the post traders that the perfume of the bushels of roses and Cape jessamine on and about my desk covered a diviner odor? No? From a bottle of Scotch, twenty years old, the gift of a laird in the old land, the bright drops of the rye of the hills where Burns and Mary lived had been poured unmingled on the broken ice. A sprig of mint, and there was inspiration for you!"

"Tom!" I cried.

Half curious, half quizzical, was his side look as he asked, "As you are religious, can you say that at all times you know right from wrong?"

"Yes," was my confident answer.

He remarked musingly: "And yet how am I to get into your head and to know what you know? How am I even to know that you do know it? You have not accomplished what I have, nor are you nearly so rich now."

"That is true," I answered.

"Then my brain cells are as good as yours, work for work, or better, and if my life force fails sooner, I have used it faster, and—ah—do not talk on that line any more! How can you think it is of any interest to me?"

He soon resigned his unfilled seat in Congress, from ill health, but lived three years after, able even to ride on horseback. He lost all desire for stimulants, drank milk only, and was only angered easily by the mention of cards. "Such silly diversion for men!" he would say. In the last two years the old flame of his power and will took a last leap.

He saw the need of a great hotel in a new city, and invested fifty thousand dollars of the ninety thousand it cost. It was a success from the opening day.

Again he telegraphed for me. It was for the end this time, but he sat up in the veranda on the last day, and toyed with the gold of Lucy's hair. "Curious," he said, "that you always know right from wrong, and yet—are not *very* successful. Can there be a sort of moral sense that is asleep in me, or—that I never had? My wife seemed to have intuitions that were too deep for me. I did get close to her mind once—really had some feeling about right living. She was a miss in short dresses, and joined the church. Drs Rice and Talmage preached. I was too smart for them." He rested a little. "I liked to do good—I don't know exactly why—I had faith about sending that one hundred and odd thousand dollars in Confederate scrip to Lucy for her hospital. I missed it somehow."

He rested, and slept for a short while.

When he awaked, his daughter said, "Papa, do go and lie down now!"

He smiled. What a handsome man he was!—not so old, either, in years. "Sergeant S Prentiss," he said, "asked for 'bushels of roses' at the last. It was a pretty thought. How they piled the roses when I plead for that cal—well, I will say for that poor young man with the hurt head—and again when I think I must have been eloquent for once, about the women and children made whisky mad in the West—Strange that people can sell or use it!—Ah a moral sense—I—wonder if it will make any difference—about—finding Lucy—again? It is a big universe and in searching the stars shall—I—lack—a—sense—I need"

"Papa!" said his child, with a sob.

He slept for nearly half an hour, and waked. "It is colder," he said; "there is seldom frost here so soon. Cover the young orange trees—Lucy—I—am not jealous—nor—angry. You said I never spoke harshly to you but once, and that was before—were we ever *not* man and wife?—Do I *need anything as you see me*—Lucy, why don't you dance when they ask you to—can you never for—"

Was it forget or forgive? He mistook her for his wife; and the girl in white sank on her knees at his feet, while I thought the sobs would tear the white satin of her breast.

The old man leaned back, and smiled with his eyes open, and—that was all.

Had he found the missing sense? God knoweth.

[1] Georgia so gives $3,600 a year, and it is part of the Constitution.

The Home.

NOT FOR THE DEAD.

NOT for the dead, O Lord, we weep;
Untroubled is their rest, and deep;
For them why should we mourn or sigh!
'Neath quiet graves in peace they lie.
"Thou givest thy beloved sleep."

For tempted souls, for wand'ring sheep,
For those whose path is rough and steep—
For these we lift our voice on high;
Not for the dead.

For all who 'neath sore burdens creep,
Who sow the wind, the whirlwind reap,
Who lonely watch the days go by,
For hearts that bleed while eyes are dry—
For such, O Lord, our tears we keep;
Not for the dead. —[Selected.

FEMININE TITLES.

By Jeannette H. Walworth.

NOTHING is commoner than to find, in the columns of our favorite daily, perennial inquiries as to the proper mode of addressing women, married or unmarried; and nothing is harder to find than any authoritative decision of the vexed points. One of the most frequently recurring difficulties lies in addressing an unmarried woman. "Dear Miss" looks silly and sounds vapid, "Dear Mademoiselle" is an affectation, and "Dear Madam" manifestly inaccurate.

A friend describes a still more trying emergency. He had a letter from a French firm to which he desired to respond in English. The firm was "La veuve Gamèe et Fils." His perplexity was pitiable to behold, and was scarcely lessened when one of his advisers counseled the address, "Dear Madame and Sirs," advising him to be thankful that the widow had sons instead of daughters, in which case he would have been reduced to "dear ladies."

Miss, Mistress, and Mrs. are presumably corrupted from the German word *meister-ess*—master-ess, lady master. First mistress, then contracted into Mrs. or Mis (as Miss was originally spelled) to distinguish between married and unmarried females, although in England, as late as the reign of George II., unmarried women, after reaching a certain age, were honored with the title of Mrs. More awkward prefixes to a surname could hardly be conceived than Mrs. and Miss—the one so harsh, the other so hissingly sibilant.

Much daintier is the French Madame and Mademoiselle; much stateller the old-time style of address—"Lady." Not (I hasten to make clear) that reckless abuse and abnormal use of the word lady which aims at the displacement of the stronger word woman, converting all the forewomen, saleswomen, workwomen, into foreladies, saleladies, and workladies; but lady, as an appellation when one is in doubt as to the estate, married or single, of the party addressed. It is soft, gentle, and safe.

Apropos of the French "Madame," we are told that it was originally applied to female saints and ladies of quality only. Under the old French monarchy the daughters of the sovereigns received this title at their birth, and were called Madame Marie, Madame Hèloise, etc., etc. The eldest was simply Madame. The daughters of the king's younger sons and of his brothers and uncles were called Mesdemoiselles, the one that took precedence by birth or rank being Mademoiselle.

The correct form of address for a married lady whose husband possesses an official or professional title is another point upon which good authority and good society take issue. Richard Grant White gave his voice against "Mrs. Governor A.," "Mrs. Dr. B.," or "The Hon. Mrs. C.;" notwithstanding which the custom holds good. His argument against it was that these titles, with hardly an exception, are merely official designations, pertaining to masculine offices, and have no bearing whatever upon their possessor's social life.

Diversity of opinion on this point ranges widely, from the Scottish custom, where the wife of my Lord Tramowhuskie may be plain Mrs. McGillstoup, to that of Germany, where she becomes the proud sharer of all her husband's designations, and may figure on a hotel register as "The High Wellborn Mrs. Presidentess of the Supreme Court Müller." However, neither of these extremes, the barren Scottish nomenclature or the effusive German, are satisfactory to the independent but courtesy-claiming dames of America.

Some admirer of the Baroness Burdette Coutts asks, petulantly, "why women should take their husband's surname at all." We find good and ancient authority for so doing in the fifth chapter of Genesis: "Male and female created he them, and blessed them, and called *their* name Adam." The Roman custom was, when Julia or Octavia married Pompey or Cicero, they were called Julia of Pompey, Octavia of Cicero; an acknowledgment of absorption which moderns avoid by dropping the *of*.

That the American passion for titles or grandiloquent styles of address has laid them open to adverse criticism cannot be doubted. We have yet to learn that force and simplicity can never safely be sacrificed to elegance of sound. Parisians, it is said, no longer lay stress on the word lady. With them the word woman is given the preference. A Frenchman is nothing if not extreme.

In this country there is no social dictator to decide these questions for us. It remains to be wished that some more euphonious style of address than Mrs. or Miss may still be formulated. The titles are those of mere courtesy; their use—matter of taste.

SOME SALAD RECIPES.

By Frances Harman

THERE is no more healthful article of food than a good salad, and in the spring, when one is utterly weary of canned things, it is the dish of all others which will tempt the appetite and add interest to the dinner or luncheon, as the case may be. Regarded from an economical point of view it is worthy of study in all its forms, and this is proven by the fact that in France, even in the homes of the poor, it is an indispensable article of food. It is a well-known proverb that a French soldier needs only two kinds of food—a soup and a salad.

There are numerous dressings for salad, but the best, except for fish and meats, is the plain French dressing, which is made by using three parts oil and one part vinegar, with salt and pepper. For a salad for five or six persons the following will be sufficient:

French dressing.

Three tablespoonfuls best oil.

One tablespoonful vinegar.

One teaspoonful salt, pepper, and a little chopped onion, if liked.

Prepare at the table by mixing in a wooden salad spoon (holding it over the salad) the salt, pepper, and one tablespoonful of oil; mix and pour over; add two more spoonfuls of oil, toss lightly, and finally add one tablespoonful vinegar. More vinegar may be used, but this is a good proportion.

MAYONNAISE.

Break the yolks of two raw eggs in a soup plate, beat smooth with a silver fork, and add oil, a few drops at a time, until it begins to thicken, when it can be added in larger quantities; but the stirring must be kept up constantly, and with a rapid motion. When it grows thick, add a few drops of vinegar, beat smooth again, and then add one teaspoonful of salt, a level saltspoonful of mustard, and a dust of cayenne. The vinegar should be added a little at a time until two tablespoonfuls have been used. The quantity of oil depends upon the amount of dressing required, but a scant cupful will be an abundance for an ordinary salad. Should the mayonnaise curdle or crack, as it is called, take another egg, add oil in small quantities until it thickens, and then stir in the curdled mixture, which will soon grow smooth and velvety in appearance. As lettuce is necessary to so many salads, a word may be said about the proper way to prepare it. It is quite apt to be infested with insects which penetrate even to the inner leaves, and therefore each leaf must be carefully washed and examined. Let it stand in very cold water an hour or longer, shake in a wire basket or coarse towel to free it from water, and put in the ice-box until serving time.

A friend once told me that in walking through the streets of Paris at dinner time it was very amusing to see these wire baskets being swung back and forth from the rear windows of the apartment-houses with the family salad in course of preparation.

LOBSTER SALAD

Boil two small lobsters, fifteen minutes to the pound, drain, take out the meat, discarding the "lady," or, in other words, the stomach, and removing the intestine. No part of the lobster is poisonous, but it would hardly be possible to eat the stomach, so leathery is it. The liver, called also Tom Alley, which turns green in boiling, should be used, as it adds greatly to the richness of the dish. Cut up the meat, and pour over it oil and vinegar in the proportion of one tablespoonful of oil to three of vinegar, with pepper and salt. Let this stand in a cold place for an hour at least. This is called marinating the lobster, and is a very important part of the seasoning process.

At serving time arrange two or three leaves of lettuce together in the form of a shell, put some of the lobster (previously drained of all the oil and vinegar not absorbed) in each one, and pour some mayonnaise on each, allowing one shell for each person.

Or the lobster may be poured on a bed of lettuce and masked with mayonnaise; if there are any lobster eggs, sprinkle these over it, and use the claws for garnishing.

SARDINE SALAD.

Drain the oil from a small box of sardines, laying them afterward on brown paper so that no trace may remain of the oil in which they are preserved. Remove the skin and bones, and pour a little lemon juice over them. Lay them on a bed of lettuce, pour a plain French dressing over them, and garnish with two hard-boiled eggs which have been chopped fine.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Cut cabbage not too fine and set on ice. For the dressing take the yolks of three eggs, half a cup of cream, one tablespoonful of butter (if cream is not obtainable, use milk and a larger portion of butter), and two-thirds of a cupful of vinegar. Boil until thick, and stir into the cabbage while hot, reserving a small portion to pour over the top. This is a delicious dressing, and easy to prepare. In winter time, when eggs are expensive, a heaping teaspoonful of corn-starch may be used for thickening, with the yolk of one egg.

POTATO SALAD.

Some good authorities say that this salad should always be made with freshly cooked and *hot* potatoes; others declare in favor of cold; but I have made a very good salad of potatoes cooked the day before. They must, of course, be treated to the marinade of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt, and a little minced onion. When ready to serve, arrange a border of lettuce leaves on a platter, pile the potatoes in the center (previously draining off the oil and vinegar which remains), and mask with plenty of mayonnaise sauce. Sprinkle over a few capers if you have them, as they give a peculiarly appetizing flavor.

TOMATO SALAD.

Scald and skin a sufficient number of fine ripe tomatoes, set on ice until thoroughly chilled, and then slice, serving them with lettuce and French dressing. A mayonnaise is very fine with tomatoes, in which case each tomato should be cut in half, arranged on a platter, and a liberal spoonful of mayonnaise dropped on each piece. A border of lettuce leaves is a pretty addition to this dish, and a leaf or two should be served with each plate.

For the benefit of those who do not like oil, I will give a recipe for

CREAM DRESSING.

Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs fine with a spoon, stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teacupful of thick sweet cream, a saltspoonful of salt, a dust of cayenne, and vinegar enough to reduce all to a smooth creamy state. Add a little mustard also, if liked, and pour it upon lettuce or other salad when ready for serving.

A BOND IN TRUTH.

A WOMAN'S right to a part of her husband's income not represented in shelter, food, and clothes is acknowledged to-day. But in too many homes it is a right of the wife's in theory, not in practice. There are men who have very clear and distinct ideas of how the other man should conduct himself in all his relations of life, but are not able to see their own position on the same canvas; so busy getting the other man into right perspective that they become society's artists, with colors ready mixed in the forms of opinion; so intent on applying these colors that they have no time to use a mirror. There are men who think that if a woman is fed and clothed and sheltered according to the husband's idea of necessity, the whole duty of man is accomplished, and he is ready and equipped to hear, Well done, good and faithful husband! For a woman to have any secret feeling that she is not receiving her full share would be to them only another proof of the unreasonableness of the sex, and they would undoubtedly refer to the scene in the Garden of Eden as a proof that a woman was never satisfied; always wanting more than she had, though she possessed the riches of the world.

There are sentimental people who think that the discussion of money matters before marriage is a deathblow to happiness, and on the whole vulgar and mercenary. They shrink from marring the very fragile structure which is built without common sense. Two people about to assume the closest and most responsible relation in life, one whose happiness depends entirely on a perfect understanding and confidence, who ignore the tremendous fact of the need of a perfect unity of standard as to their scale of living when they become financially one person, are either lacking in brains or are deceitful, deceiving themselves as well as each other. Poets have written of the bond that unites two souls as one, and the world, glad to keep an attractive delusion that relieves the monotony of the intensely practical business of living, cherishes the hope that every newly wedded couple will be the discoverers of the happy means that will make two individuals one perfect whole.

Marriage compels two persons to become one in their

financial relation only; and yet it is on this very important point that an absolute silence is maintained in so many cases before marriage. The bride-elect from mistaken feelings of delicacy, the groom from sentiment and false pride, cannot bear to disturb the halcyon days of flowers and courtesies, of soft blushes and tender declarations, with the hard and uncompromising facts of rent, grocer and butcher bills, and the other commonplace facts of every-day life that will all come in due course of time. They come, and the fall from the rosate clouds of imagination and fancy to the rock of cold facts is a very forcible dispeller of cherished delusions, and sometimes the mental constitution never recovers from the shock. In a recent number of the "Forum" Julia Ward Howe discusses this very broad subject of "Men, Women, and Money:"

"To secure a fair adjustment of financial relations between husband and wife, the man and woman contemplating matrimony must enter into it as equal sharers in the responsibilities of their new condition, and in the means by which these responsibilities should be met. They must have rational views of the uses of money, and of the objects which it should be made to forward and attain. They must also have worthy views of life and of its true ends, in the compassing of which money plays an important, though a secondary, part. They should be careful to come to an understanding of each other's views on these subjects before marriage, and should seek afterward and always to better this understanding by free and fearless conference and discussion. Lastly, their household should be held and made to represent family life in its substantial dignity and happiness, as the foundation of the State and the concomitant of the church universal. Where these conditions are complied with, the money question between husband and wife will never be a vexed one. Each will vie with the other in a generous economy and in the sacrifice of merely personal whims and predilections to the common good. While exacting from each other no unjustifiable act of confidence, each will trust the other, because both equally revere the high ideals of justice and honor. In following these their labor may be great, but, let us say, its recompense will be more than commensurate."

Mrs. Howe in the same article truly says that the whole success of the new home depends on the character of the two who found it. Character is not an endowment of nature that needs no assistance from training and education; it is a flower from a plant of three roots—tendencies of inheritance, environment, and education. A girl, no matter what her natural ability, cannot assume the responsibilities of wife and financial manager of a home intelligently unless she has received training for these positions, or, more truly, unless she has been trained in the practical affairs of life, without suffering and agonizing bitterly because of her ignorance.

"The teachable mind of childhood," says Mrs. Howe, "will easily grasp the distinction between a noble and an ignoble use of money; and in the instruction which may be given on this point the daughters of the household should share equally with the sons. A part of this instruction will consist in the experimental spending of a proper allowance, and in this all children should receive the needed guidance; they should also, as they become able, be associated in such of the household expenditures as may safely be intrusted to them. Children should be taught to consider what outlays are necessary, which are useful, which demanded by charity, which superfluous. The Scripture saying is that 'Every wise woman buildeth her house,' while 'the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.' It is a serious thought that the little girls on the school-bench, using or misusing their weekly allowance, are learning either to build their future house or to pluck it down. And I pause sadly here to reflect how these little girls who are preparing to pull the family down will also pull the State down with it. For this no evil intention is necessary, only an ignorance, common enough, of the true relation of the individual, male or female, to the race and the State. The women who show to-day such deep distrust of their fellow-women that they besiege Legislatures with pleas and arguments against the enfranchisement of their sex—to whom did they go to school? Not to Plato, nor yet to Christ.

"My remedy for the evil of financial disaccord between husband and wife would require, on the woman's side, a thorough and conscientious training in the use of money, and a worthy estimate of the opportunities it may afford for the ordering of our lives nobly and virtuously; on the man's side, a respect for the woman as one who is neither disabled nor disqualified for earning her own support; one who, relinquishing a career of free activity in order to become his companion for life, carries her own power and value into the governance of his household, and is entitled to all that may render that service honorable and happy."

So much for those who have not assumed a common financial responsibility; but what for those who have ignorantly assumed this responsibility, without thought or preparation, and who are fretted under chains thoughtlessly adjusted, or have sunk into a state of endurance that deprives them of spring, ambition, or interest? Mrs. Howe asks:

"'How can existing evils be remedied?' In any effort to better the present condition of things, men and women have each their part to bear, and the first effort of each should be to recognize and guard against the predominant weakness of either sex. The man must be willing to submit his jealous, tyrannous will to the dictates of justice. He is naturally jealous of power, and prone to take offense at any distrust of his generosity which he may recognize, or think he recognizes, in the mind of his wife. The woman must restrain her love of approbation and her habit of easy compliance. It is delightful to be praised, or to expect to be praised, for making even a costly sacrifice. But as the husband must set the measure of justice before his eyes, so must the wife also. She has no more right to acquiesce in a wrong which affects herself than in one affecting the condition of others. She should, therefore, stand upon the ground of true courage and candor, and we may be assured that she will gain by it in the end."

Nine-tenths of the friction that follows marriage is caused by lack of candor previous to marriage. Without doubt it is the vestibule that leads to the divorce court.

THE PRACTICAL VERSUS THE ARTISTIC.

WHILE we improve in all the arts as a nation, to the observant eye the progress in architecture is the most apparent and the most rapid. Formerly a man bought a number of city lots, and he ran up on them all the regular three-story basement houses the ground would allow; so perfectly were these houses matched that when one first moved in the "block" he was inclined to feel that it would be much more convenient if one could mark his house as some twins are marked to distinguish them apart—tie a colored ribbon on his door-bell; conventionality and pride prevented this distinguishing, so the matter was settled by introducing the fashion of putting a *jardinière*, or a piece of statuary, or a carved-back chair between the lace curtains and the window, thus saving confusion and mortification. The same monotony of architecture prevailed also in the country, but it did not cause the same confusion, because all marks of nature were not obliterated.

In the country we passed from the peaked roof suddenly to the mansard, and many a moss-covered shingle-roof farmhouse was sacrificed to this mania. From this time the attention of architects has been concentrated on roofs, with a very moderate interest in windows. As regards the interiors, attention as yet has not passed much beyond the halls and stairways and rails. The outlook is hopeful. There seems to be now a drifting toward an all-round and more practical thinking on the part of the builders and the architects. We still have dining-rooms put in inconvenient corners, from which there is access to the kitchen through long passageways or L-shaped closets only; dining-rooms built without china closets, and so narrow that in winter the persons next the fireplace slowly roast, without the support of the martyr's devotion.

We still must submit to bedrooms with no place for the bedstead; we must buy whole widths of carpet for the needed two inches, though the architect well knew the inflexible width of looms; windows, too, are planned without regard to the hangings, and this disregard involves a large percentage of expense every time a family moves. If the architects were in league to destroy the carpet industry of the country and build up a rug business in its stead, they could not lay better plans.

Whole blocks of houses will be built in the city with the halls just an inch, or thereabout, too wide for one width of carpet, and the parlor just the same number of inches too narrow to take the even widths. This difficulty will exist on each floor, making the cost of covering the floor just that much more; yet this is a difficulty easily managed.

The least attention in improvements is paid to the kitchen. Closets are at the farthest possible distance from the range or stove, and usually so dark that a candle is needed when its deepest corners must be found. There is before the writer's mind the memory of a kitchen in a very pretty Queen Anne cottage where the architect had the good sense to build a dresser with glass doors along one side of the kitchen, thus enabling the mistress to see the condition of the closets with a glance; but, alas! having accomplished this feat, his ingenuity was exhausted, and the only spot for a table in that kitchen was the middle of the room. As the kitchen was small, the mistress would be limited in her choice of servants to the very slender, as the approaches to the sink and faucets from the door were through the narrow passages between the range and table on the one side and the stationary tubs and table on the other. Wash-days the table would have to stand on a side porch. The dining-room had no china closet, and as one end of the room was a large bow window which also formed the sides to doors leading to pantry and hall, and the other end was filled by an elaborate mantel and fireplace, there was no place for a buffet. The hall, however, was a marvel of beauty and grace, and the house rents easily; but the tenants only remain a year, the inconveniences of the house being so many and so trying that neither mistress nor servants are able to endure them. The hall is a bait, but the kitchen proves a sinker; every new tenant makes certain demands—either paper, paint, or other requirements that cost money, leaving very little, if any, profit on the investment.

It is an easy matter when a house is being planned, especially for a family who expect to make it a permanent home, to give proper attention to the part devoted to daily use. Plan for the convenience of the mistress and her aids; make the kitchen and dining-room a perfect complement to each other; make it easy to be clean; make the necessary adjuncts of the two rooms on which so much of the family comfort depends a center of care and thought. A writer in a recent number of the "Decorator and Furnisher," writing on this subject, says:

"There is an urgent demand for plans in which economy of space and simplicity of design are the leading features. Country people of moderate means have little time and less money to spend on architectural ornamentation or effect. Given a neat, comfortable dwelling at a moderate cost, and they are quite content to dispense with angles, gables, and oriel windows until such time as the farm or the business is paid for, and the income will warrant their indulgence in some of the decorations and luxuries of life.

"There is more useless room in the ordinary kitchen than in any other portion of the modern house. The idea seems to have come down through the years that a kitchen must be wide and roomy, and with a big-throated chimney. Other points have not attached to the plans for this apartment, and upon this skeleton of a suggestion each architect hangs whatever convenience may, according to his conception of the needs of the place, be required. As a result, we have for country houses great barn-like rooms, bitterly cold in winter, and exposed to the beating sun of summer, a wide door-step, and a flue that is large enough to carry all the warm air out of the place in winter, and so wide that the draft of the stove is more by grace and the weather than because of any rational arrangement to accord with the principles of ventilation.

"Any one who will take the trouble to go through a ship's kitchen will see at a glance what are the possibilities of economy of space. The entire stores for hundreds of persons may be prepared in a room fifteen feet square. It costs but little, when building a house, to provide sensible, practical conveniences in the way of pantries, cupboards, and lockers, and the most trifling outlay may save any amount of hard work and time, which may be turned to valuable account.

"Not many years since I heard a farmer's wife say that she had spent weeks of time carrying every drop of waste water through the kitchen and over the entire length of a long porch to throw it into a drain. It would have cost three or four dollars to run a pipe from the kitchen sink, under the porch, to the drain, but this was deemed an unnecessary expense, and so this woman has walked a distance of over thirty feet and back from kitchen sink to drain on an average of eighteen to twenty times every day, and in summer weather even much more than this."

The loss of time and strength this involves, whether the worker be mistress or maid, means just so much taken from the things that tell on the immediate comfort of the family. The vision of one woman broken down and nervous at forty comes to the writer. She is the victim of a sink-room. After years of economy she and her husband built a comfortable home. All housekeepers have hobbies, but in most cases it runs to closets, when not given to fireplaces. This woman's was a sink-room. To listen to her talk of the house when building left the impression that a sink-room with kitchen, parlor, and bedroom attachment was being built. The house was finished. Every dish must be washed in the sink-room, so every dish must be carried the entire length of the kitchen—about fifteen feet—and back again to the china closet, which was across the dining-room, opposite the door leading from the kitchen. Yet when this house was planned the wife expected to do all the housework except the washing. The stairs to the cellar went down from the sink-room, involving just that much more walking and carrying. To no one did it occur to reverse the positions of the sink room and kitchen, thus bringing this center in the right place. Think of the miles that woman has walked!

A fine apartment-house was put up in the city. The owner intended it as a model, and has succeeded in making it almost perfect. The kitchen is very small, not allowing of any furniture except chairs and table.

The refrigerator is built in the kitchen closet, and every time the storeroom is visited the servant must come out into the hall, which brings her in view from parlor and dining-room. If the kitchen closet had been made a passageway to the storeroom, and the refrigerator had been put in the storeroom, the closet now used for the refrigerator would have made a place for drawers and shelves, the absence of which involves a certain amount of disorder and complicates the housekeeping in that apartment.

Architecture is a woman's profession—certainly that branch devoted to house-building. The thousand little things in house-building that go to make a perfect whole naturally are beyond or beneath a man's idea of a house. Perhaps professional training might also blind a woman to these very matters. She, too, might learn to see only the art side of the profession. Would it not be a good idea to have in every architect's office a woman who has been a practical housekeeper to keep the artist within the iron bands of the three-meals-a-day routine of every-day life?

THE THREE GUARDIANS.

PAMPHLETS setting forth the perfect protection against sewer gas, or never-failing disinfectants, are received through the mails, thrown in our vestibules, thrust in our faces in the street. We watch for our favorite view from the car window, to find ourselves staring at the advertisement setting forth the perfect protection against disease and death in a certain kind of trap, or the inodorous disinfectant—this last contradicting the statement of the medical student that a disinfectant was a bad smell that made you open the windows to let it out.

Advice of all kinds is rained thick and fast, but a recent writer in the Boston Sunday "Gazette," quoting the Perfect Sanitary Formula, says: "I would add to these the following: Drain, purify, and ventilate; eradicate every hint of dampness from the site and foundations: not to store up anything capable of decomposition within or about your dwelling; let the hidden things be revealed; use plenty of hot water, soap, and elbow-grease; let the broom and scrubbing brush be the scepters of domestic supremacy; take nothing for granted, and remember that eternal vigilance is the price of health as of liberty; distrust amateur advice on matters of health; test all things, but hold fast to that which is good and in accord with common sense.

"The best plumbing will not last forever, and needs periodical inspection. A trap may freeze in January and dry up in July, and deep frosts will break up drains and cause leaks; rats may burrow; gases will corrode, valves become leaky by wear, and careless servants neglect to keep fixtures clean. Hence periodical inspection, especially of hidden plumbing work, should be an imperative duty upon the householder." Cleanliness, care, common sense, are the three watch-dogs that are the surest protection of the household from disease and death.

THE BIRD IN THE HOUSE—SICK.

By Olive Thorne Miller.

WHETHER or not wild birds suffer, all who have kept pets know to their sorrow that birds in the house are subject to the "ills that flesh is heir to." A little knowledge of the best way to treat them is sometimes of great value.

Most of the disorders of birds may be cured with homeopathic remedies, and, whatever you may use for yourself, these are certainly best for our feathered pets. Humphreys' Specifics are most convenient, since they do not require exact knowledge of symptoms. They are given by putting a pellet or two into the drinking-cup.

To know what is the matter when your bird mopes and refuses food, observe him as if he were a child. If he sneezes, he has a cold; if he pants and drinks frequently, of course he is feverish; if he does neither of these, yet refuses to eat, perhaps his mouth or throat is sore. To find out this you may have to catch him and open his beak, but always avoid this if possible, for the fright is quite likely to make him worse.

When mouth or throat is sore, provide him with soft food, like milk with bread crumbed fine and soaked in it. The best remedy in this case is a homeopathic preparation of iodide of mercury, given in this way: Take a perfectly dry glass medicine dropper, and draw into it a very little of the powder, perhaps as much as you can hold on the end of a small penknife blade. Now present the open end of the dropper to your bird. In almost every case he will open his mouth, either to seize it or to fight. At that instant compress the rubber bulb, and sent a puff into his mouth. (You can give a dose of oil, if you wish, in the same way.)

The most obstinate disorder to which cage birds are subject, and which "dealers" always say is incurable, is fits. In my experience fits are usually the result of something else, and they can be cured if you will devote a day, or possibly two days, to him alone—not otherwise. I have cured them several times, in one case giving up three days entirely to it.

This is what you must do. Put the cage on the table beside you as you sew or knit—not read, for you would forget him. Have ready in a tightly covered china box or cup a small sponge saturated with ether or chloroform. The moment you see a sign of a fit, such as wavering on his perch as though about to fall, snatch the sponge and hold it under his beak. In a moment he will recover himself, and the danger pass over for the moment. Then, if you watch him carefully, and never let him get so far as to fall, you will prevent the fits while the remedies you are giving him are removing his disease. If he is weak and dares not go down to eat (for fear of falling), take out all the perches except that on a level with the dishes. So long as there is danger of his falling at all, take out the gravel from the cage, and put several thicknesses of flannel or soft warm muslin in its place.

A remarkably successful remedy for the disease which kills so many African parrots while acclimating (dysentery) is lime water. It has been known to cure very desperate cases.

The least we can do for the poor little creatures we have made prisoners in our houses is to spare neither time nor trouble to make them happy and to keep them well.

BED-CURTAINS.

By Adelaide Skeel.

IN these highly decorated days of tapestries and hangings, why has no one shaken the dust from grandmother's bed-curtains? We put our dressing-tables in petticoats, we cover our walls with screens and banners, we hang *portières* in our doorways: why are our brass bedsteads left naked?

"Because bed curtains are no longer needed for warmth," answers Common Sense. "As well advise us to return to nightcaps and warming-pans." Nothing daunted I pursue the theme; for was it Common Sense who rescued the lowly spinning-wheel from the garret? did she paint a milking stool for the parlor, or make the discarded silver caster into a pin-cushion? Moreover, when Common Sense "did" England last summer, had she time enough to wonder about the dreams other travelers had left in the folds of the bed curtains? Do people ever exchange dreams, do you suppose? and would we love our friends more or hate our enemies less if we knew their sleeping as well as their waking thoughts of us? At a hop dinner we attended in the hop pole county of Kent, we all wore hop flowers, and the result was drowsiness. If etiquette had allowed us to sleep and to snore, would we have waked up knowing one another better, supposing the dreams had come to us misdirected or ill sorted like letters after a blizzard? Another time, on shipboard, I fancied the dire result of dreaming a dream meant for a sleeping neighbor. "We were crowded in the cabin," driven thence by the heat of our staterooms through whose closed ports no cooling sea breezes came, and we lay on the saloon floor like the slain on a battlefield. Above the bells and the ocean's quiet swash came the sailor's cry, three times repeated, bow, midships, and stern, "All's well! All's well! All's well!" Would all be well, I wondered, if each pillowed head knew the unguarded desires which crowded the brain of her nearest companion? How hotly we love—when asleep—how recklessly we hate! What revelations would startle us did we dare to dream each other's dream!

Of course Common Sense has neither part nor lot in this nonsense, hence she is indifferent on the subject of bed-curtains; yet nothing struck me more forcibly in England than this homely expression of insular exclusiveness. Blossoming hawthorn hedges screen the country gentleman from the villager's vulgar gaze; his aristocratic wife and daughters say their prayers in high-walled manor house pews; but the lowliest as well as the highest are curtained when asleep. We saw every variety of bed-hangings, from the simple dimity which falls tent-like over a cot, to the gorgeously embroidered tapestries of Windsor and Hampton. Indeed, the fashion prevails so far that even the last earthly sleep is curtained, and we find canopies over tombs, as if death itself needed to be hidden from the wide awake. We spent hours studying the elaborate ornamentation of carved lacework over chantries and mortuary urns, haunted the while by the creepy thought of the futility of warming the cold sleepers by these marble curtains which cover them so snugly.

A fundamental objection to bed-curtains lies in the fact that we Americans do not shun publicity, asleep or awake. Moreover, our rooms are warm, and we have locks to our doors; nevertheless, may we not introduce these draperies for the artistic effect? Of course, we will not attempt to curtain that modern monstrosity of flats, the shut-up bedstead, but the good old-fashioned four-poster and the modern high head-board French bed. In the former case, a roofing, called in England a tester, is made of light framework, and rests on the corner posts. This is covered with chintz, which lies in pleats or flutings, and from the head and two sides a curtain falls in full folds. This curtain must be made of chintz and lined with a contrasting color. The pillows and spread match the chintz or the lining, and look very effective when the curtains are looped back on each side. At night the curtains may be thrown clear over the top, so no one suffers from lack of ventilation. Half-testers are preferred by some decorators, and they consist of a half roof which rests on the two head posts and has side curtains tacked as far forward as the canopy projects. Another simple way, specially adapted to brass bedsteads, is to fasten a ring in the ceiling and let the curtain, which is made of many widths of goods seamed together, hang, mosquito-net fashion, over the whole bed. This, like the others, can be easily thrown out of the way at night, but one thickness of stuff between a late sleeper and an early sunbeam is no bad thing. Finally, the revival of bed-curtains opens a new field to the decorator. Fancy sleeping under a red lined, brown linen curtain in whose folds the artist has scattered scarlet poppies that "have a charm for pain and woe"

> "I bring," said the Poppy, yawning,
> The gift man longs to possess,
> That he racks the world in seeking—
> I bring him forgetfulness!"

On a blue silk curtain, lined with white, embroider:

> "I sing the Poppy! The frail, snowy weed,
> The flower of mercy, that within its heart
> Doth keep a drop serene for human need,
> A drowsy balm for every bitter smart."

There is no end to the verses one could find for night-cap thoughts, but I venture to add two more—one which speaks to travelers, the other taken from Dame Anne Rich's MSS. book, dated 1654.

"TO A TRAVELER AT AN INN.

> "Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
> O thou, whoe'er thou art,
> And let no anxious yesterday
> Disturb thy restless heart,
> And no to-morrow scare thy rest
> With dread of coming ill.
> Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
> His love surrounds thee still.
> Forget thyself and all the world,
> Put out each glowing light:
> The stars are watching overhead.
> Sleep sweetly, then—good-night."

"KING CHAS. I.—ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

> "Close thine eyes, and sleep secure;
> Thy soule is safe, thy bodye sure.
> He yt guards thee, He yt keepes,
> Never slumbers, never sleepes.
> A quiet conscience in a quiet breast
> Is onely peace, is onely rest;
> Ye musick and ye mirth of kings
> Are out of tune unless she sings.
> Then close thine eyes in peace and rest secure,
> No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure."

Our Young Folks.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TRIP KETCHUM.

By Elizabeth Cumings.

CHAPTER I.

I AM ten years old, and the senior dog of the street. My dear mistress, with whom I have grown up, says so. I suppose I belong to the Ketchum family. I take care of them every night. I sleep in the back parlor on a cushion, and if any one breaks into the house he will be eaten. But I love Mary Ella best. At one time she tried my affection very much by tying a blue ribbon on my tail. I used to get it off by sliding down the outside cellar door, but she tied a new one on till she got tired, or ribbons went out of fashion. All things have an end, even fashions. She gives me my bones on a plate. The rest of the family think I ought to be thankful to get my victuals, anyhow. But bones are not everything to a dog of sensitive spirit.

My parents and grandparents took prizes at the Troy bench show. It is a great mistake to say your grandfather does not matter. My blood gives me my silky hair. Lack of good blood made Billy Smith the low-lived sort of dog he was. He was all sorts of breed, which I have heard Judge Ketchum say makes cur. I am pure Skye terrier. I tell myself every time I limp I might have kept out of bad company. There is no use in laying your misfortunes to other folks if you are folks, or to other dogs if you are a dog. The worst part of a scrape, to my mind, is the reflection that your part in it, and what you suffer because of it, is your own fault.

I was also well brought up. I was taught to keep my nose out of things no matter how delightful they

may smell, to obey promptly, and to save my barking and biting for great occasions. Once the cook never thought of putting the beef out of my reach, and Mary Ella would trust me close beside her candy box. But that was before I made the acquaintance of the alley dog.

The alley dog came with the milkman about eight years ago. Being a friendly creature, I went out and smelled him politely, and had a brief visit by the corner. He told me his name was Billy, that the milkman put water in his milk, and fed him mostly on pork rinds. When we came back from the corner the milkman was gone.

I invited him into our yard, and led him up to my plate of chicken bones. It was a sight to see him snap them down. I am not stingy, but I like to have a dog show he knows when he is well treated. It vexed me he did not say he was obliged, for I had not had chicken bones before in a week—only beef and mutton. As we stood there, Mary Ella came up and spoke to him. She even patted him on the head, and called him a good dog. I suppose she did it to treat my visitor well, but I thought he had stayed quite long enough, and told him he had better go and see Miss Peggy Smith, who lives across the alley, and is very kind-hearted. One dog is enough in a house, and Miss Smith was then quite alone in the world, without a dog to her name. I told him I thought Miss Smith would keep him over night, and give him a bone in the morning.

He went straight over to see Miss Smith, and that evening he called to me from her area gate that he had concluded to adopt her. "She lives in better style than the milkman," he said, "and I am going to leave him to do his own barking. A dog must look out for his own interests." I might have known that such an ungrateful dog would be a traitor to his friends.

As he was talking, the swill-woman came along, and out flew Billy after her, barking at the top of his lungs. He was not a big dog, but she was afraid, and ran so fast she dropped her bucket. She was very fat, and rolled from side to side like a great cask. I laugh at the remembrance of the spectacle she made. All my careful training was forgotten in a moment. I joined Billy in chasing and barking at the next comer. He was a red faced man, in ragged clothes and a battered hat, but he was above being barked at—at least he told us so as he turned and sent a great stone after us, or rather me, for I was the one hit. My back was cut open to the bone, and Dr. Squills shaved off the hair about the wound and sewed it up. What the stone did not teach me the stitches might, had I been sensible. Ah me! how much it takes to teach some dogs wisdom!

I kept my own side of the alley for a time, and visited no one save my old friends Carlo Bates, the dog across the avenue, and Schneider Green, that lives next door. But if I did not seek Billy, he sought me, and sat on our back doorstep as bold as brass. He was an amusing talker, and had a delightful ease of manner in relating his adventures. "I go after the grocers' wagons, and the drivers get so mad they turn black in the face. I bark at the young man who comes to see Miss Smith's hired girl; and as for cats, my! you ought to see me scare a cat."

Old Tabby, who lives in our barn, took me when I was but twelve days old to bring up. My mother had died, and my brothers and sisters were given away. I suppose I should have had a hard time had it not been for puss. But she made me one of her kittens, so to speak, and taught me to wash my face as she did, and never gave me a scratch. To do myself justice, I never thought of her when I said to Billy, "I'll come and help you with the next cat."

That very afternoon he yelled cats, and away I ran after him, and a white streak. I ran so fast I went heels over head at the corner by the big locust tree. As I sprang up, something fell upon my back, and raked my flesh with claws of fire. I flung myself over, howling with pain. The next instant I saw old Tabby on the fence, her tail as big as a hearth brush, and her eyes sending out sparks of green light.

"OOOOOOa!" she yawled. "Y-e-e-ew, Trip! OOOOOa!" Then, with a dreadful spit, she vanished over the fence, and I have never seen her more. My back long wore the marks of her claws, but I never bore her malice. There are times in the lives of us all when claws or jaws are our only protection.

CHAPTER II.

I MAKE TROUBLE FOR MY MASTER

Before Billy came and adopted Miss Smith, I often heard Mary Ella telling her little mates that I was an honorable dog. I suppose she meant that I had no sly ways. Certainly at that time I believed that every dog obeyed his family faithfully, and did his best to deserve a home and a good collar; in short, that each one was worth his tax and his bones. My ways were simple and my sleep serene, till I learned the complicated ways of bad dogs.

I had just recovered from Tabby's scratches, and the wound Dr. Squills had sewed up was gradually taking on a coat of hair. The cherry trees were in blossom, and the daffodils in our back yard were in full flower, when a great cackling began in the chicken coop over the wall.

Every morning regularly the six hens cackled, and the big rooster crowed in a way to make one nervous.

"Come out in the alley," said Billy, in a coaxing voice, one morning when the hens were somewhat louder than usual; "come out in the alley and see me fix those hens."

I did not like to crawl under the gate, for by so doing I would get my silky coat full of ashes and dust, and I hesitated a moment.

"Fie!" cried Billy! "Don't you wish you had such a nice slick coat as I have!" His back was black, and so was the top of his rat-like tail. His breast, legs, and sides were a mottled mixture of tan-color, white, and gray, and there was not a particle of style about him. I did not fancy being compared to such a looking dog, so I growled at him, and then went and sat on our back doorstep. "Hasn't that big rooster next door waked you out of a sound sleep a dozen times every night this long while?" he said, without seeming to notice my irritation in the least. He even wagged his foolish-looking tail in a friendly way. "I am about crazy from hearing him, and the reason I came over was, I see that a board is off the coop, and you and I could jump in, and tell the old thing it will be healthy for him to make less noise in the future."

I had frequently told those chickens, through the brick wall, I had no use for their music; but if they heard me, they had not heeded me, and, glad to have a chance at them, I was under the gate and with my tempter in less time than I can tell it. The events of the next few moments are somewhat confused in my recollection. Once in the coop, Billy flew 'round like a mad creature. There was a wild squalling out and fluttering on the part of the hens, and then the rooster and five of his family were dead, and Billy was biting another, when Mr. Green and the cook appeared. He had his cane. She had a broom. But Billy was gone before they could begin to lay about them, and I received the blows of both. "You little wretch!" cried Mr. Green, jerking me up by the scruff of the neck. "If you ever put your nose in my yard again, I'll make Schneider eat you."

Schneider is an English mastiff, and as big as a calf. Though he is somewhat pompous in manner, he is at heart very kind, and quite above biting a dog smaller than himself, unless for a most excellent reason. During the day, he is always chained up near the house. Had he been loose, Billy, sly and swift as he is, would have fared hard.

As soon as Mr. Green dropped me I made for home, but I had scarcely sat down on our doorstep when Mr. Green appeared, to tell my master about the chickens. Ah, how many times I have wished that people would take the trouble to understand us that we take to understand them! How glad I would have been if I could have explained myself! "You know I keep fowls for the benefit of my invalid daughter," said the old gentleman, pounding his cane on the floor. "Grocery eggs are not all that one could wish, at times. Your little dog has killed six fowls that I gave five dollars for, and spent no end of bother securing. I don't like it, sir! No, sir! What is a small dog for, anyway, sir!"

"My little girl seems to think Trip is for her to love," said my master, taking out his purse, at which the old gentleman pounded his cane down louder than ever.

"Put up your money; I won't take it. I don't care for the cost, but the principle of the thing, sir. "That dog, sir, ought to be killed. That's my opinion, sir."

Mary Ella began to cry, and put her arms around me. A frown came in the middle of the Judge's forehead, but he said, mildly, "I can't agree to that, Mr. Green, until I am quite sure that Trip was the one to blame. And even were that the case, I should want to give him a chance to win a good name. He has always, until quite lately, been an excellent dog."

"I don't believe he touched your chickens," said Mary Ella, with much indignation; at which I came out and did all my tricks, played dead, sat up and held out my paw to be shaken, and sneezed, though I felt anything but frolicsome with my ribs aching from blows given me by canes and broom-handles.

Schneider Green and I had always been good friends, and that afternoon, when I took my usual walk with my mistress and her doll, Felicia, who was wax and came from Paris, I poked my nose in the fence for an instant, and said good day. I was always held by a blue ribbon, and of course could not stay in one spot longer than my mistress permitted. At sight of me Schneider growled frightfully, and started for me with goggling eyes and open mouth. The next morning I ran away through the front gate, and, sitting down in front of the Green gate, demanded an explanation. The only answer I received was again a terrific growl, and gnashing of white strong teeth. It was evident that Schneider's feelings toward me had met with a change.

Carlo Bates also gave me the cold shoulder the first time I met him, and, deserted by my old friends, I fell into Billy's snares again, and this time stole a rabbit wit him. They lay on ice in front of our grocer's shop (I had run away, as you may suspect, down the alley), and were the last of the season. I did not want the meat, and had it been the daintiest of morsels I would not have touched it until it was laid on a plate. But when he snapped it up by the head, I, for good fellowship, took hold of the tail, and off we went, followed by the grocer's dog, a bulldog, with crooked legs and red eyes. I dropped my end of the rabbit pretty soon, and so escaped harm; but I was so frightened I ran on and on, till I was quite lost, and went into an open gate and lay down under a big burdock to rest and collect my wits. I did not dare to come out until I was very hungry. Then, as I looked wistfully about me, fortune came to my aid. I saw the Judge's buggy at the next corner, and I followed it home. The scrubbing and combing I had to endure was almost too much for my strength. Burrs, tick-seeds, and no end of small sticks were tangled in my hair. What is a source of pride and beauty may also be a source of humiliation and pain. A dog with my hair ought to live up to it; but it is easier to remove a whole hedge full of burrs from one's outside than to shake off the influence of an evil acquaintance, as I was to find out.

CHAPTER III.

I MAKE TROUBLE FOR MADAM KETCHUM AND THE MAIDS.

"Do you ever take naps on the beds?" asked Billy one morning from his post of vantage, the alley gate.

I shook my head. "I have a pillow," I replied. "My basket is near the fire in winter. I am very comfortable, and why should I go where I don't belong?"

"You are so fresh!" said Billy with his provoking sniff. "Why should you ever do anything you were not bidden to do by some one of your masters? You will never know what a fine place the world is, my boy. As for taking a nap on the bed, it is as much ahead of taking a snooze on a dog pillow as a chicken bone is ahead of an old ham rind. I always take my naps on a bed. Miss Smith likes it, I think. I suppose she would slap me, if she did not. You are pretty sure to find out what folks don't like, you know."

I had often coaxed to be allowed to lie on a bed, and had once gone so far as to spring upon Mary Ella's snowy couch; but Madam Ketchum, who, I ought to say, rules the whole house, from the Judge down, had cuffed me so hard I had never again attempted it. I knew it would never do to hop on a bed when she was in the house. She can hear every sound from the cellar to the attic, and has a fearful way of guessing at what each one is doing. So I waited until Sunday evening, and when the family were at church, and Bridget and Mary Ann and Roxy were visiting with their cousins in the kitchen, I ran up stairs into Madam's own room, and jumped upon her big lace-covered bed. It was delightful, for you could lie in one spot, and then in another, and always find it soft. It was not softer than my pillow, but there was more of it.

I had always lain on the rug before the fireplace before. It was a good place to hear, if any one tried to come in, and I could meet the family, when they came home. But that big bed was a grand place to sleep. I only waked in time to hear the Judge's latch-key, and then I rushed down, at the risk of my neck, and pretended to have just awakened, and stretched myself lazily when they entered, instead of jumping and barking, as had been my wont. Tail wags and a certain kind of barks must come right out of a dog's heart, or he had better not attempt them.

My ears were boxed till my head spun that night, and the next morning all the servants scolded at me. "Makin' more work for his betters, is he?" cried the cook. "Such a good-for-nothing little baste!" Even Mary Ella did not take my part, but turned her back upon me. As you lose your own esteem when you have deservedly lost the esteem of others, I rapidly became a bad dog. I fell into bad ways as easily as water runs down hill. Indeed, growing bad is a going downward, and not on a grassy slope either, but on a hillside slippery as the smoothest ice. Billy told me that he stole bits of meat when the cook's back was turned, and that he never scrupled to find out what was in a paper bag. Crackers and cakes we love, as well as people do, and these are often in paper bags. I soon became an expert thief. I ate up Mary Ella's sugar doll, stole a cake that had been made for her doll Felicia's party, and at last climbed upon the dinner-table when Mary Ann had just given the last touch to everything and was ringing the bell, and dragged the turkey about. The Judge had a friend with him, and was very angry. I was banished to the woodshed, and never had my nose in the house proper for a month.

I do not like to see an old dog, lame, and without a sound tooth to his jaw, trying to awaken interest in himself by telling how bad he was once. He cuts a sorry figure, in my opinion. I write this account of myself only that other dogs may learn what to beware of.

Only a bad dog, sorry for his past, can guess how much I would give if I could now lie down upon my cushion at night feeling that should I die before morning all my family could say, "Trip was always a dog of honor." They can say I was good before I fell into bad company, and after I had my leg hurt and brought on the podagra, but they cannot say I was good always. No, I was not, and did not try to be. My day has passed. Every dog's does. All that is left to me is to keep out of the wet, which stirs up my podagra (what some people call rheumatism); to keep out of the dirt, so I need not be washed several times a day, and to watch over my dear family at night. They have kind hearts. The canary that died a month ago has a stick to mark its grave, though from being near the window it quite lost its pretty song, because it would mimic the sparrows. All it could sing was "cheep, cheep!" just as those little ruffians do. Evil communications corrupt good manners every time.

PRECIOUS STONES.

By F. C. Manvel.

II.—ALUMINOUS STONES.

THE wonderful fact that the common charcoal is substantially the same material as the diamond has a parallel in the equally wonderful result of the chemical analysis of the ordinary red and yellow clay, so common and abundant, which is shown to have for its base the same material, alumina, as the group of minerals to which the general name of *corundum* is applied, including the incomparable stones, the ruby and the sapphire, which have the highest rank among colored gems. The various forms of corundum are found by the chemist to contain more than half their weight of that peculiar metal widely known as *aluminium* which much resembles silver in color and luster, yet is very different from it in its extreme lightness. The oxide of this metal is called *alumina*, which in its natural state forms the mineral corundum. The transparent crystals of corundum present the alumina in a state of purity, with just a trace of certain metallic oxides, from which the exquisite tints of color are derived.

The name of each variety of the corundum is determined by its color—the red being known as the ruby, the blue as the sapphire, the yellow as yellow sapphire or Oriental topaz, the green as green sapphire or Oriental emerald, and the purple as Oriental amethyst. All varieties of the corundum can be scratched by the diamond, but by no other mineral, and its extreme hardness has suggested the theory that the *adamas* of the early Greek writers was not the true diamond, but a form of corundum. In such a passage as the following, "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron and with a point of a diamond," the original word translated "diamond" no doubt refers to *emery*, or some similar form of corundum, which has been used for ages as material for polishing other minerals. Although specimens of various colors have been found in many parts of the world, and during the last ten years in North Carolina especially, the chief source of supply is India. The red variety of corundum is known as the ruby.

The kingdom of Burmah furnishes the greatest number of rubies, and, by the command of its king, no Europeans are ever allowed to visit the mines. They are a royal monopoly, and the rarest and finest specimens are retained for the king's own use, and one of his titles is the "Lord of Rubies." One of the former kings had a wonderful ruby of the size of a pigeon's egg, which he wore as an eardrop. By a law which compels, under the penalty of death the giving up of all rubies of over a certain size to the financial department of the Government, many rubies of large size are lost, because the finder of them will break them up into smaller pieces in order to retain them. Very few persons are aware of the great value and rarity of really fine rubies. From the beginning of civilization to the present time the ruby has been the type of concentrated preciousness: "Her price is above rubies." About fifteen years ago the financial necessities of the Burmese Government caused the appearance in Europe of two of the finest rubies of their size ever seen. After being recut one weighed about thirty-two carats, and was sold for $50 000, and the other, weighing about forty carats, found a purchaser at $100 000. Two such stones were not to be found in any European regalia, and their sale caused intense excitement in Burmah, a military guard being considered necessary to escort the persons conveying the package to the vessel.

Rubies vary in color from the lightest rose tint to the deepest carmine, and are occasionally approached so closely, both in color and general appearance, by the spinel as to render a close examination necessary to distinguish them apart. The spinel is composed of alumina and magnesia, and has a wide range of color. The Rev. C. W. King states that "all the great historic rubies now extant are pronounced spinels by modern mineralogists."

The blue variety of corundum is known as the sapphire, and differs from the ruby only in its color. It is very slightly harder than the ruby, and occurs in much larger crystals. They were originally obtained from Arabia and Persia, but now come principally from Ceylon and Burmah. The characteristic color of the sapphire is a clear blue, very like to that of the blossom of the little "cornflower," and the more velvety its appearance, the greater the value of the stone. The Oriental sapphire retains its exquisite color by gaslight, while that of the inferior specimens becomes dark. The ruby and sapphire form a distinct class of the corundums by their being alumina in a pure and unmixed state crystallized, while the other varieties present the alumina in combination with other substances.

The true chrysoberyl is alumina combined with glucina. The colors range from light asparagus green, brownish-yellow, to columbine red. Of the three varieties, the best known are the cymophane, or true Oriental catseye, and the alexandrite. The catseye is found in Ceylon, is always cut in a highly convex form, and has a remarkable play of light in a certain direction, resembling a drop of water or the pupil of an eye moving about inside of it, or a band of light floating on its surface, ever shifting, like a restless spirit, from side to side as the stone is turned. No wonder that an imaginative and superstitious people regard it with awe and wonder, and, believing it to be the abode of some genie, dedicate it to their gods as a sacred stone. The particular variety of chrysoberyl which was originally found in the Ural Mountains, and owes its celebrity to its remarkable transformation of color from green to red as viewed by natural or artificial light, was named Alexandrite after the former Tsar of Russia.

WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT IN.

By Mary Allaire.

THE carriage stood at the door, the horses tossing their heads and pawing the ground, impatient to be off. Through the open door came the sound of a sweet voice saying, "Now, Robby, you will be a good boy, and not get into mischief?"

"Yes, mamma. Don't bother," answered a boy's voice, and you knew the voice belonged to a plump, jolly boy who still wore knickerbockers.

"I feel uneasy to leave Robby without Jane," said the sweet-voiced lady, coming out on the piazza in a very pretty white dress with fluttering ribbons, holding by the hand a little girl about three years old, followed by a young lady, and a nurse in white cap and apron. "I want," continued the lady, "to take Cora, for mother has not seen her in so long, and of course I cannot keep her all the time in mother's room, for mother is not strong enough to bear her restlessness."

"Don't bother, mamma," exclaimed Robby, bounding out of the front door. "I'm not a baby or a girl. I can take care of myself," and Robby Foster drew himself up, and looked into his mamma's face with his big, earnest eyes. "You know papa says boys should be trusted to make them men."

"Yes, dear, and mamma is going to trust you fully," and Mrs. Foster kissed Robby good by and got into the carriage, followed by Aunt Kate, to whom Jane gave Cora and then climbed into the seat beside the coachman. Robby waved his polo cap as long as he could see the carriage, and then wandered down to the barn. The sound of hammering and sawing soon told that Robby had found employment. The sounds continued for half an hour, and then Robby, very warm and apparently tired, appeared in the barn doors. He stood looking about, and then sauntered to the front of the house and up the steps to the piazza finally, throwing himself on the wicker lounge with his cap for a pillow and the "St. Nicholas" as a companion. Robby's feet and legs were vigorous, for a time beating the air and kicking the back of the lounge; but he became interested in the story of "Two Confederates," and was very quiet when James, the gardener, came to see where he was. When lunch-time came, Mary called him, and the moment he saw her face he knew that there was a surprise in store for him. Sure enough, there was a dish of the first strawberries from the garden, covered with delicious cream, and a sponge cake baked in the form of a dog, and having a ribbon on his neck.

"Mary, you're just jolly, now, that's all," said Robby; and the look of pleasure and gratitude amply repaid Mary for the extra work.

"You were that good, Master Robby, all by yerself this blissed mornin', that I thought ye ought to have a bit of pleasure yerself."

Robby thoroughly enjoyed his lunch, and thanked Mary again when he left the table.

He went back to the piazza, and finished the magazine, after which he walked slowly down to the waterside. This water was an inlet from the Sound. When the tide was low the mud was in sight, but at high tide it formed a very pretty river about a mile long. Robby Foster's home stood near the head of this river, with a lawn sloping down to the banks, along which grew a beautiful orange hedge. A dock was built out into the stream almost to the narrow channel; on the end of this dock was a boathouse in which were two large round-bottom boats, with oars in the rack above them.

When Robby reached the boathouse the tide was coming in, with a gentle ripple breaking against the dock. Robby reached after his fishing tackle, and in a short time was very intently waiting for bites: nibbles innumerable, and very delusive was his reward, for the fish this afternoon were shrewd, eating the bait, but carefully avoiding the hook. Robby was getting impatient and ready to give up, when the sound of a boat coming slowly along attracted his attention. He looked up and saw a clumsy flatboat that belonged to an oysterman, the father of a boy about his own age, who lived at the head of the river. "Good afternoon, Mr. Harriman," said Robby, touching his polo cap.

"Good afternoon, Robby. Any fish?"

"No, Mr. Harriman. I had lots of nibbles, and my bait is almost gone," answered Robby.

Mr. Harriman laughed and said, "Been stealin', eh! Wall, they kin do thet well, I think; they l'arn too much livin' so close to humans! They l'arn that a hook is dangerous, and they l'arn to keep away from its p'int. Be ye all alone, Robby?"

"Yes; Mr. Harriman. Mamma drove over this morning to see grandma, and took Cora."

"Ye'd better come and up see Jimmie. Come along with me."

"Thank you, Mr. Harriman, if you can wait until I tell Mary."

"Wall, I guess I might spare the time them legs of yourn would be gittin' to thet house and back. I've seen 'em go," and Mr. Harriman laughed, while Robby looked very much pleased at the compliment, and disappeared in the shortest possible time. He came tearing back, flushed and panting, and jumped into the boat with Mr. Harriman and the oysters. Mr. Harriman answered his numerous questions on the planting and gathering of oysters, and the starfish, which Robby called the oysters' potato bug, because it was so destructive to the oyster beds.

Jimmie Harriman saw his father and Robby coming, and ran down the shore until he was on a line with the boat, and then walked back, telling Robby that his white Rock came off the nest that morning with ten chickens, and that Brindle had a calf which his father said he might call Robby. Robby blushed at this evidence of Jimmie's admiration and friendship, and was most eager to see his namesake, whom Jimmy styled "a regular stunner!"

Mr. Harriman sympathized with the boys' impatience, and soon the big, clumsy boat was pulled up on the shore beside a scow that was considered almost useless. Jimmie met Robby as eagerly as though they had not seen each other and been talking with each other for at least five minutes, and the two sturdy pairs of legs, one bare and browned with the sun, the other covered with fine stockings, were flying toward the barn to see the new calf, Robby. After walking round him, and commenting on his color and his eyes and the way he held his head, both boys voted him a decided "stunner," and then gave attention to the chickens, admiration for which their mother had waited very impatiently from her barrel on the barn floor. She seemed to understand that she had friends whom she could trust, and paced back and forth in her narrow limits with very contented clucks.

After admiring the new-comers until the most exacting of mothers would be satisfied, the boys went back again to the river, and sat down not far from the old scow. Robby told Jimmie of his unsuccessful fishing, and Jimmie immediately told Robby of the "luck" he had the day before fishing over a certain mass of rock where his father had thrown bait. Robby had never caught many fish, and the thought of what he might do if only he were in the right spot fired his enthusiasm.

"I wish I could fish there, Jimmie. I never caught more than one fish at a time in my life, and they were little fellows. I wish I could go there. It isn't far, either." And Robby looked longingly toward the mouth of the river. It was nearly high tide, and the river was like a mirror, so smooth and silvery in the sun.

"Well, we might take the old scow. I will put in the old bailer from the other boat, and we could paddle her down," said Jimmie. "Though she's pretty heavy," he added, looking at the water-soaked boat.

"Oh, we could manage just down there," said Robby, eagerly, though as he said it he thought of his mother's request that he should never go in a boat without a grown man till he was stronger flashed through his mind. He crowded it out, and eagerly assisted Jimmie in bailing the water out of the boat and getting some clams ready for bait. Two such active boys could complete their arrangements in a very short time, and presently the old boat, which seemed much more like a tub than a boat,

was afloat, and the boys were tugging and working to get her down stream. After a time she seemed to go much more easily, and one boy was able to give his attention to get her dry once more. As Robby passed his own home the scow floated easily, and Jimmie was merely steering her toward the fishing ground.

"I'll surprise mamma and papa with fresh fish for dinner," thought Robby, though if he looked at the sun he would have seen that the fish would have to be most obliging and hang themselves on the hook, all scaled and ready for the broiler, if Robby was to get home in time for dinner.

Jimmie devoted his energies to steering and paddling, while Robby got the lines ready and opened some clams for bait.

When the rocks were reached, the discovery was made that there was no anchor or anchor stone. The boys decided that such a heavy boat would not drift far, and that the fishing must be good all about there. So the lines went overboard, and there was a deep silence in the boat—no sound but the waves lapping against the sides.

The fish were very obliging at first, and the boys paid no attention to anything about them. Suddenly Robby felt cold, and then he found that his feet were wet, and that the water was at least three inches deep in the boat.

"Jimmie, see!" he exclaimed. Both boys set to work, Robby with the old tin basin, Jimmie with his straw hat. When the boat was dry once more, they were startled to find that the sun was down, and that they must row hard to get home before dark. When they picked up the old oar and got ready to start for home, they found the boat had drifted a long distance from shore; and when they looked anxiously at the shore, which grew more dim every minute, they could not see one familiar object For a second they stared at each other, and then Jimmie stood up sturdily and grasped the oar. He swung it back and forth with all his might, but the old boat moved back, in spite of his hardest efforts. Robby did not see this, for the boat was again partly filled with water, and he was bailing it out. An exclamation from Jimmie made him look up "Oh, Robby!" Jimmie gasped, "she is going further and further away!" Sure enough, the shore was further away, and the sun had disappeared entirely. What was to be done? Robby stood up and walked to Jimmie's end of the boat, and both boys tugged at the oar. The boat rocked uneasily, and then went slowly round. With a helpless look into each other's faces, they sat down on the broken seat.

"Robby, it's the tide! The tide is going out, and if we could get to the river we could not get in; there would be no water till midnight!" And Jimmie grasped Robby's hand.

"Let's get her to the mouth of the river, and stay there till the tide rises," said Robby, hopefully. This seemed to give Jimmie more courage, and the boys went to work bailing out the boat. This done, they began again to paddle, but the boat only went backward or round and round. They now began to call, but there was no boat in sight. The Sound was a great waste of water. It was now dark, and the two boys had given up any attempt at getting near the shore. They strained their eyes to discern some boat, calling out again and again in the darkness. A Sound boat, one blaze of lights from stem to stern, passed them, making a noise like thunder, it seemed to the boys, who tried to scream and attract attention. It was useless. Their boat lumbered and rocked on the waves of the steamer's wake, and she passed from sight. The wind had died out, and no sailboat passed them, though a light like a star, shining dimly near the water, told them that a vessel was at anchor near the north shore.

The stars were shining, and the boat drifted on, the boys sitting together at the stern holding on to the oar, and making feeble attempts to move her against the tide. When the water crept on to their feet, they took turns bailing out the boat. Oh, how tired they were! how hungry!

"One of us must keep awake to bail the boat," Robby whispered to Jimmie. "You go to sleep now, and when an hour is up I will wake you." Jimmie protested, but while he talked his eyes closed, and Robby was alone, miles and miles from home, he thought. How vividly he remembered all his mamma had told him of the dangers of going without a strong man, who would know what to do in case of accident! As he thought of her and how frightened she must be, he could hardly keep back the tears, and a smothered cry of "Mamma!" escaped him. Jimmie wakened, and they clung together as the boat rocked and tumbled at the passing waves. The boat drifted on and on in the darkness, but the boys were fast asleep.

The sun kissed the foreheads of two boys, who lay in an old boat lying high and dry on the low, marshy shore, on which were small mounds of salt grass. As the sun rose a man put off on a raft, having left an old horse and wagon standing in the marsh further inland. He poled the raft to the outer mounds of hay, muttering to himself:

"I'll git them in first, afore the tide turns and floats 'em."

As he poled on he stopped to look at the old boat that had drifted in the night on to his property. "Findin's is keepin'," he said, as he poled the raft toward the boat. As he came alongside he stopped. "Wall, I didn't expect to git so much. I reckon there's been some cryin' hereabouts." He took off his hat and wiped his face. Bending lovingly over the little white, tear-stained faces, he said: "Little boys, ye'd better let me take ye home."

Two frightened blue and two startled brown eyes looked at him, but the wrinkled face and thin white hair, and the loving though faded eyes, belonged to a friend, for Farmer Hopkins had carried these two boys on the loads of hay from field to barn every summer since the time when they wore petticoats, and they both declared that was ages and ages ago. In a few minutes they were on the raft. "The most valuable load the raft ever carried!" declared Mr. Hopkins. Very vigorously the old gentleman pushed toward the wagon, and the boys clambered in.

"Now, Whitefoot, ye beant a racer, nor I a jockey, but I rather guess ye'll travel this morning," said old Mr. Hopkins, as he took the reins.

As the sun touched the chimneys of Robby's house his father caught him in his arms. "My boy!" was all he said. His mother did not speak, but he knew what suffering he had caused her, as she held him to her heart.

Mr. Harriman was pulling down the river when the sight of the old man holding by the hand a white-faced boy stopped him at Mr. Foster's dock.

"Oh! Jimmie! How could you!" and Mr. Harriman cried as he took Jimmie in his arms.

Mr. Hopkins took off his hat and wiped his face as he went up the dock. When he climbed into his wagon he said, "Now, Whitefoot, we've done powerful well this morning if some of the hay is floated off by the tide! The tide brought us pretty val'able cargo this morning Take it easy, old man!" And Whitefoot gently tossed his head and ambled along in the early morning sunshine.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE GOLDEN CALF.[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THERE are some subjects chosen for study in this course of International Sunday-School Lessons which I frankly confess I should not know how to teach to either mixed classes of adults or to classes of young boys and girls. That is the case with the lesson before us. To understand its real significance the student must have at least some knowledge of conditions of moral life which are now happily wholly unknown in all civilized countries, and which cannot properly be depicted except in the most general terms. Yet without some knowledge of these conditions the meaning of this story not only cannot be understood, but must be seriously misunderstood.

The incident introduces us into a scene of idolatrous worship, and indicates, though by way of suggestion rather than of direct and positive statement, the awful evils which idolatry inflicts on any people who fall under its sway. The conflict between Jehovah and idol worship, as it is exhibited in the history of Israel, is not a conflict between gods, nor between modes and forms of worship, nor between different theological systems. It is not in its nature analogous to the sometimes cruel and always wicked wars which have too frequently been waged in the world between conflicting religious sects. Idolatry was always the worship of degrading ideals. No people ever rise, or can rise, higher than their ideals. And the ideals presented by idolatry were always of a gross and therefore of a degrading nature. Animal worship—and this was essentially the idolatry of Egypt—deifies the animal nature; and, in deifying it, inevitably urges the worshiper on to exalt his animal and subordinate his moral and intellectual nature. A religion which worships a cow or a crocodile puts the cow or the crocodile above man; that is, the bestial above the human. The conflict between idolatry and the worship of a spiritual God was thus a conflict between animalism and intellect, between sensualism and the spiritual nature. The problem which was really presented in such a conflict was whether the animal or the spiritual should predominate in society.

It is evident that a religion which thus exalted the animal nature as an object of reverence could do nothing to elevate humanity, or to create or enforce moral standards. It is not, perhaps, equally self-evident that it must necessarily create and enforce immoral standards. But history affords abundant demonstration that this was the case. The picture which Paul affords in the first chapter of Romans, of that evolution of evil which resulted from a substitution of the worship of degrading ideals for the worship of a spiritual God, is no exaggeration. It is, indeed, less awful than the pictures which a careful investigation of pagan worship and morals afford, because it is less specific. Into the details afforded by such a study it is impossible to enter here. We cannot write in the pages of The Christian Union of mysteries so abominable that even Herodotus would not sully his pages with a description of them. It must suffice to say that the production of life was regarded as the divine function in animal nature; that this was, in various forms, more or less veiled, made the object of adoration; and that this appears to have been the essential feature in the famous "mysteries" which was kept concealed from the complete knowledge of the common people. Such worship led to a ritual the object of which was to intensify and stimulate the animal passions. These were expressed, not only in words too gross for repetition, but in acts too licentious to be even darkly hinted at. Horace refers to prayers which the most depraved would blush to pronounce aloud.[2] In the temples of the gods licentiousness became a religious rite, and courtesans were attached to them as priestesses of this foul religion. In its religious services the votaries engaged in drinking, and in dances, often well-nigh naked, for the very purpose of inflaming appetite and passion, and this as a part of the worship of their god, and in the name of their religion.[3]

It was such a scene which met the eyes of Moses as he descended from Mount Sinai. The people had not merely in forgetfulness of God made a golden image of the sacred bull of Egypt and recurred to a senseless worship of it. If that had been all, their criminal folly could hardly have justified the terrible penalty which was visited upon them. The camp was evidently divided in sentiment. A part of them had demanded a revival or imitation of the licentious orgies which they had witnessed and perhaps participated in during their life in Egypt. It is probable, however, that their servile state had forbidden any great indulgence. They now had an opportunity, and seized it. Aaron had not the strength of will to resist. It is probable that, as is usual in such cases, he had been borne on by the excitement of the occasion far beyond what either he or the people at first designed. The calf was made. The lewd fellows of a baser sort, who acted as ringleaders in the movement, in burlesque of the God in whose name they had thus far been led, and in derision of the prophet Moses, cried before the calf, "This is thy God, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Then the orgies which they had witnessed in Egypt began: eating, drinking, playing, dancing, until at length, in the passionate and unrestrained excitement of the hour, garments were cast aside, and they were naked unto their shame, among their enemies, the Amalekites, who may well have been spectators of the extraordinary scene from their fastnesses in the neighboring hills. So far had the passionate excitement gone, so wild were the people in their indecorum and their grossness, that the sudden appearing of Moses on the scene did not restrain them. They went on with the orgy and the dance. Nor was it until Moses had summoned the conservators of law, order, decency, and religion, and had fallen upon the rioters with the sword, and put to death three thousand of the worshipers of sensuality and self-indulgence, that the wave of wild, passionate excitement subsided, and the authority of law was restored, and order and decency re-established.

If we read this account aright, it is not the record of mere forgetfulness, ingratitude, and vacillation of temper. It is the record of an open and flagrant rebellion against the constitution and law of the nation, and of contempt for the authority of its ruler. There had been, all along in the Wanderings, elements in the half organized people that murmured and complained against the leader and against God. Now at last the leader was absent for nearly six weeks. The authority was left in the hands of a weak and nerveless substitute. The rebellious element seized its opportunity; set itself to work to undo all that had been done, to overthrow at once the State and religion; and to do this in the interest of the grossest sensualism. If any one thinks the slaughter of three thousand of these rebels against constituted authority was cruel and barbaric, ask him what he thinks of the war against secession. That rebellion was not half so causeless as this one; nor was slavery half so immoral as the immorality in the interest of which this rebellion for lewdness and sensualism was set on foot. If it had succeeded, with its success would have come the death of the nation.

And if any one ask why was it that Moses, at such a critical time, apparently deserted his people for nearly

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[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for July 8, 1888—Exod. xxxii., 15-26.

[1] Lecky's "History of Morals," I., 178.

[2] I will not refer the general reader to more specific authority for these statements than such as are to be found in Rawlinson, "History of Ancient Egypt," Vol. I., p. 488, and authorities there cited; but more specific authorities are not wanting, which the scholar might consult, but which are not generally accessible nor profitable.

six weeks, leaving them without a leader, the answer is not difficult to find. Ever since the people of Israel had left Egypt there had been a party of malcontents, at every new discouragement demanding to be led back to the flesh pots of Egypt. The influence of such a throng of pessimists and grumblers is always considerable, and, in any forward movement involving difficulty and hazard, is always disastrous. It was desirable that they should not be always cowed by the presence of the great leader; that they should have an opportunity to show their true character; that their base, ignoble, sensual nature should have free course and be manifested, that the people of Israel might understand who they were and whither they would lead. The result proved the wisdom of the course adopted toward them. Though all grumbling did not disappear from the camp, no considerable effort was again made to lead Israel back to idolatry, or to introduce idolatrous rites, throughout that generation. The true religion was more or less corrupted by pagan conceptions of God and life; but the licentious ceremonials of the idolatrous religions were not attempted, nor did any considerable faction of Israel endeavor to supplant the worship of the true God by the idolatry of the flesh till after the conquest of the Holy Land.

Other lessons of this incident I leave for the student to gather from a reading of the narrative, or from other commentators; as, the difference between Moses the statesman, leader, and ruler of a people, and Aaron the politician, blown about by every seeming change in public sentiment; the coward's course and the coward's excuse; the power of a vicious minority; the powerlessness of pure sentiments when unenforced by courage and unarmed for conflict; the power of virtue when organized and led; the easy forgetfulness by a nation of its great leaders, illustrating the ingratitude of man toward his greatest benefactors; and the progress, the fruitage, and the punishment of sin.

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

THE echo of the Israelites' declaration of allegiance had hardly died away—certainly the memory of the clouds and light that revealed the presence of Jehovah on the mountain, the impressive sight of Moses passing from before their eyes into the fiery cloud, must have been very vivid—when they began clamoring for a visible god; a something they could see, in whose construction or in the decoration of which they felt they had a part. They saw not their God in the world about them; they forget his rescue from the power of the Egyptians; they did not choose to remember his guidance every day since they started on their journey; they forget his promise to guide them to a land flowing with milk and honey; above all, they forgot the covenant into which they had just entered. They could not see Moses; they would not trust God. They had faith in Moses, but that faith was not founded on him as the mouthpiece of God, God's interpreter, but in the man Moses; and when he was not visible, controlling and teaching them, they forget his teachings, forget that they were God's chosen people, having a special work to do in the world, for which the present time was one of preparation—a testing. "Make us gods which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we know not what has become of him," they cry to Aaron, and he makes for them the golden calf, and the camp is alive with music, dancing, and the disgraceful scenes of the heathen worship with which many of them were familiar. It was to this scene that Moses returned after his sojourn in the presence of God, thrilled with enthusiasm to carry forward the work God had given him, to lead the chosen nation into their inheritance.

A few weeks before, the same people were, in antiphonal chorus, pouring out a promise to the invisible God, declaring belief in God as the Lord. While he performed wonders for them, while he overcame their enemies, he was their God; but when he withdrew the spectacle of his visible power, when he put them to the test of waiting for his word of command to go forward, when he took the man on whom they had builded faith from them into his presence to fit him to guide them more perfectly in his way, there was not one among them who had the courage to protest against the insult offered him.

Are there no golden calves to-day?

Everything that stands between the soul and God is a god raised in insult to our Father and Friend.

The games that deprive us of the power to develop our best gifts are idols. Pleasures that consume time, money, and strength that belong to God are idols. Business that absorbs all the attention and prevents the duty to God and man receiving its righteous share of a man's life, books that pollute, pleasures that destroy, thoughts that degrade, are all the idols that stand between a man and his Creator. These idols differ from the golden calf in that they are not created at once, nor are they the creation of an Aaron standing outside of our lives, nor is the same idol worshiped by each individual.

We each make our own idol, and we begin in our youth and the idol becomes great or small as we permit it. We worship it continuously or not, as we decide, and the terrible danger is that we may be unconscious of the golden image between ourselves and God.

We may begin in childhood to neglect, to ignore God. We may pray with our lips while our heart is far from him. Every day that the worship of God is of the lips only, the pleasures and ambitions of this world stand between our souls and God, invisible idols that receive our adoration and homage.

Studies that claim our whole attention, leaving neither time nor strength to carry out the commands of God to love and honor him, to love our neighbor as ourselves, become the idols that make us reject God. Ambition for place, for power, for money, that make us sacrifice honor or strength or time that belongs to God and his service, are idols before which we bow and to which we give allegiance. God will not take the remnants of ourselves. We must offer to him the service that we give the world. When we choose our work let it receive the test question, "Can it be done in the service of the Lord?" If we can answer, "Yes," then we have the seal of right. No man can serve God with his heart and the devil with his head. He cannot serve God on Sunday in church and Sunday-school, and the devil all the week. Promptness, devotion, integrity, honesty in thought as well as action in the service of an employer, are the buds of the week that blossom into full flower on Sunday. These are daily blossoms in a Christian's life that decorate God's altar, and ascend in incense that causes rejoicings in heaven for the promise of the fulfilling of Christ's mission. Christ's love.

We, no more than Aaron, can make a compromise between the worship of the true and the false; we may choose as he did to make the idol and then worship it in the name of God, but destruction will follow, confusion, suffering, disgrace.

Moses returns to the six hundred thousand people and destroys their god before their eyes. One man, strong in faith in God, strong in consciousness of right, fearless of what would follow, not stopping to count the cost, seeing only God's people led away from him, stands alone before the six hundred thousand men and destroys the image before which they offered prayers and sacrifice. And this man, Moses, was so patient, so much the child of God, living only to do his will, obeying it to the letter as well as in the spirit, that we speak of him as meek; it was a meekness born of strength and faith in God; it was Moses who had the courage to stand alone in the presence of the people and ask, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." He, like a standard-bearer in a battle who holds his colors aloft showing to which side he belongs, making himself a rallying point for his comrades blinded by the smoke and heat of the battle, stands in the presence of Israel God's chosen leader.

Every school needs a standard-bearer; every office needs a standard-bearer; every workshop needs a standard-bearer; every church needs a standard-bearer, every home needs a standard-bearer. Who is on the Lord's side?

CORONATION THROUGH SUFFERING.

By Edward P. Terhune, D.D.

"Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them?"—Hosea xiv., 9.

THERE is no contradiction, in our day, in connecting crowns with suffering. In the barbaric age the throne will represent the triumph of force. The victory of gentleness belongs to the era of the cross. The mightiest power is seen to be that which subdues hearts. Gloriously comprehensive of our Redeemer's road to empire is that description of him in the Hebrews: "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels, for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." So Christ himself declares: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

From that day forward, suffering has been the coronation, heroic endurance the highway to the royalty and love, of human hearts, the altar steps of sacrifice the road to the throne.

It is one of the results of the progressive age in which we live that the area of *community* is largely extended. Railroad and telegraph facilities and the fullness of the press have not only brought the whole civilized earth into neighborhood, but have developed an interest of one section with another, and of one people with another, which in former times was limited to a comparatively small space. By these facilities we put our finger upon the pulse and feel the heart-throb of nations across the sea. They become to us the telephone through which we hear the voices of the world—its mirth, its music, its woes, its wails; the lament, "The King is dead!" and the exultant shout of the new dynasty, "Long live the King!" We see the daily drama of trade in every city, of commerce in every port of government in every capital. An agitation of the Parisian Bourse, a threatening of war between European nations, immediately registers itself in the stock markets of New York and San Francisco, of Sidney and Calcutta. Trade is no longer localized to a few cities; it gathers in its embrace continents, and unifies the interests of different and widely severed lands.

The same influence has wrought also vast *social* changes. It has extended acquaintance, even familiarity with the events of foreign countries, their governments and reigning families, even their household economies. The antipodes of the earth are scarcely so strange, the one to the other, as were lands formerly divided by narrow gulfs. We are on speaking terms with all mankind, and on quite intimate standing with all civilized peoples. The society columns of our daily papers record the most casual facts in respect to royal personages, their health or sickness, their journeys and their visits, and introduce us to every scene of their joy or sorrow.

The result has been to bring us to an intelligent and sincere sympathy with whatever is occurring beyond our own bounds, and greatly to increase that homogeneity of the races which is to be one of the features of the final consummation. A tear dropping from the eyes of Germany to-day, a sigh from her saddened breast, is more moving upon the general sensibilities than were the thunder of her cannon of a century ago. We are not far from weeping ourselves as we stand hand clasped in hers in her double grief. *Nobility of demeanor* in suffering makes the whole world akin in its admiration and sympathy. To us the experiences of other nations come with especial force, in the fact that our population is so composite, linking us with all the countries of Europe, and in a measure identifying us with them, through the multitudinous communications that are as the ceaseless exchange of fraternal greetings from shore to shore. Think of the tons and tons of mail matter, white-winged messengers that are bearing the greetings of our foreign residents to the old homes beyond the sea, and entering week by week every city and village and hamlet, keeping warm the hearts and strengthening the bonds of consanguinity and sympathy.

And what is felt by *us* is *there* as cordially reciprocated. A few years ago, when one of the great editors of this land was for weeks in the death struggle, daily bulletins of his condition were posted in the thoroughfares of the capitols of Europe, as fully as on the boards of our own press, and as eagerly perused by the anxious throng as if they recorded tidings of one of their own statesmen. The same was true of the state of foreign feeling in those later illnesses and deaths of the President and two ex-Presidents of this Republic.

And what less has been our own sympathy in the decease of England's renowned *littérateur*, of the noble old Emperor of Germany, and now in this latest sublime struggle which has just ended amid the sighs of all who had learned to admire the sufferer in that grand fortitude which yielded not even in death?

There is no longer possible that diversity of feeling which once existed. The world is fast approaching the day when men shall see eye to eye, and strife between peoples appear as unnatural as a war of brothers.

It is with particular reference to this general fact, made evident in the last of these events, that I ask you to consider certain apparently desultory and yet, in truth, connected facts.

The first of these is the hopeful sign for the world in the statements just made. As commercial facts they are wonderful; as showing the ever developing capacity of invention to work what would have once been deemed miracles, they startle as a revelation; but to contemplate them in their moral bearing transcends all other consideration.

God does not mean all this for naught. What has mankind always required to its highest interest? Larger knowledge the one portion of the other, fuller appreciation of a great moral oneness, in traits that instinctively respond at the voice of a common want, a common joy or sorrow.

How rivalries and antagonism and bitterness subside when those who have been so widely separated by ignorance and suspicion come together and find that they are animated by similar sentiments, having hearts throbbing with the same feelings; that there are larger mutual affinities and broader common ground upon which they together stand than that which severs them!

National sorrows have not been *altogether* national disasters. The rule in the individual case is the rule in the community. That which touches our pity—by which we mean our *hearts*—arouses our chivalry. Selfishness goes down, and humanity rises.

This has been no assumed solicitude with which we have for months turned to our papers with every morning and evening, to learn what tidings they have brought

us of the royal sufferer across the sea. It was no idle curiosity with which we stood, as it were, with the crowds at the palace gates at Potsdam, to know how the night had fared with him to read the posted lines of hope or doubt. A sympathy of brotherhood, the interest which these appliances of quick information have nurtured, the kindred feeling with the anxious hearts waiting in dread suspense, has made the humanity in us, which in such circumstances is always true to a corresponding humanity, assert itself.

That is found to be the result of contiguity; and it is destined more and more rapidly to increase. All this leavening influence of Christianity upon the general heart in the past centuries has not been in vain. It has enlarged manhood. It has caused the recognition in ourselves and others of something loftier than selfishness. It has conquered indifference. Christian nations are to-day interested in every other Christian nation, as Christian hearts beat in unison with every other Christian heart. The day of community, of good to the world at large, is coming. What the world requires to all its great moral interests is contiguity, sufficient nearness of peoples one to another to have communication, to come face to face, to see how the one part is and may become helpful to the other.

And this gives a new aspect to these later means and facilities of human progress. However mechanical they may be, behind them are human faculties which God is, perhaps unconsciously to them, directing by his Holy Spirit. They are God's beginners. They are hastening on the kingdom. As in the body all the members have not the same office, yet all are co-workers—the hands and feet to carry out the purposes of the head and the heart—so God can and does dignify steam and electricity and the press to bear forward the standards of the kingdom.

In this view, steam and electricity are divine factors, and Providence the guiding mind in their discovery and application. Men thought these were to be employed solely to their aggrandizement, and told their praises in golden lines, and enlarged their docks, and broadened their storehouses. God meant them to impress the fact that he has made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth; to quicken and develop the universal humanity. The result to which we have referred, in this enlarged sympathy, in the extension of the area of neighborhood, in the response of our hearts where a fellow-being is suffering, evinces how truly such influences and instrumentalities are working, and what we may anticipate as the hastening consummation. So, even in their sorrows, blessed are they who furnish the opportunity of uniting distant hearts, and riveting the links of brotherhood, and advancing the better understanding. It is a gracious ministry. The grand empire of Frederick, grander than that of the united Germany that shall to-morrow meet at his obsequies, is the empire with which his heroic endurance and death have crowned him. "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them?"

Second, that in late events, and especially in the death of the great ones of the earth, there has been a testimony to the value of Christian faith, and an expression of trust in Christ, which is mighty for the interests of the church, and glorifying to God. It is remarkable how unanimous has been the consent to the need for the supports of religion on the part of those upon whom the eyes of the nations have been turned. They have all been heroic in their fortitude, noble examples of the power which grace gave to the suffering. And they have not been slow to acknowledge their reliance.

How brave was the faith of our murdered President, as for months he battled with the King of Terrors, ever expressing his trust in the name he had himself so often proclaimed! What a picture was that of the great General of our armies, who had so often faced death in the field, calmly waiting the end, with an assured trust in Christ, and yet employed until the fingers stiffened in their last chill, that the life might be full to the end! How beautiful the close of the grand old Emperor's life, with one hand upon the Word of faith, the other still firm in its clasp upon the helm of government; never relaxing his earthly trusteeship until the film covered the eyes and dissolution paralyzed the tongue; with too much concentering in the dying hour to be tired, yet so childlike in his confidence in God his Saviour! What an emphasis to the need of the strongest, when the General of our army, so dauntless, so courageous above fear—whom may God in his goodness yet spare to us!—twice asked the sacrament of the church to sustain him in that which was then deemed his dying hour! And not less cheering and beautiful than any that preceded it has been the Christian example of Frederick, who, day after day, has sought and received the prayers of those who lingered at his bedside; true, as had been his father, to every interest of his people, not intermitting even in the tortures of disease and progress of death the becoming dignity of his station. Yet how equally becoming as a suppliant at the foot of the cross, when to his chaplain he said, "Do not pray for his Majesty the Emperor, but pray God to be merciful to Frederick of Germany;" and to his solicitous friends, "Ask not for my recovery; but, if it please God, for my release." Then, when speech had failed, and the trembling fingers would make their last record, "I have tried my best to do my duty to my God and to my country. I feel that the end is now near. God's will be done."

Is it, dear friends, the sentiment of "*noblesse oblige*," of martial and heroic breeding, a strain of blood pure through many generations trained to self-command, that permits not even death and the gathering portents of eternity to make a heart less faithful, less careful of its earthly trusts, but keeps the responsibilities to the very expiring moment? Is it not rather that mightier acceptance of the divine sovereignty, a recognition of God which always makes brave; the old Reformed and Covenanter and Puritan faith, that, fearing God, knows no other fear? Certainly there are few sublimer spectacles on earth. The age of knighthood, of the heroic, never furnished us grander types than the last decade has given us, in the great multitude of its instances, of men who in life and death glorified the Christian faith.

These are worthy testimonies, my brethren. It adds a greatness to earthly dignity to find an appreciation of religion in the honest hour, and shows how even the great of earth find comfort in leaning on a mightier Arm. The lesson will not be lost to the *world*. The Church of Christ requires no such evidence; its records are full of them. But the more eminent position will attract the eyes that are unobservant of the humble, and God will be glorified. "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? prudent, and he shall know them?"

Third, that no one man is essential to divine plans or to human needs. *That* is rather a humiliating concession, but God does not hesitate frequently to impress it. The great die as truly as the lowly. The beggar at the gate outlives Louis the Magnificent. They who seem most important to vast interests pass from the earth, and, as wave succeeds wave, others are hurried forward to take the place, as soon again to recede.

We have sometimes felt that the sphere of one who has departed could not be as well filled; that there would have been a superior wisdom in perpetuating the valuable life. When the great Reformer in the Fatherland died, the heart of the Reformation seemed to stand still. Time after time, in human history, Divine Providence has appeared to contradict its own economy. Powers have come to maturity only to perish. The crisis that called for such or such a combination is met in the very character required, and at that moment death intervenes, and all seems thrown into confusion.

But from the height of his vision God sees as man does not. Only One is truly great, only One is essential. The lesson to all of us is, "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?" There is need of our recognition of God as the God of the nations; and these may be his means to impress it.

For evident reasons, it might appear to us well that one so gifted, with the fear of God before his eyes, pledged to the policy which his father had maintained, should be spared. The nation under that former guidance, the United Germany, had advanced to eminence. We remember how under that reign it had been seemingly re-established as a bulwark of Protestantism, abiding by the traditions of Luther and Melancthon; and how firmly he who has just died attached himself to those interests. We know that the internal condition of the reigning family is such that it may involve issues disastrous to that policy. There was a solemn significance when the dying monarch placed the hand of the Empress in the hand of the aged Chancellor, who stands as the representative of the throne for two reigns—a supplication for loyalty to the past.

Yet, by means apparently contradictory to us, God works his ways. Those are ways of progress that no single incident shall interrupt. The faith yet abides, and God still reigns. It may be that a people prostrated in their grief may vow a devotedness by that grave which shall hold their spirit true, and press them to a still larger consecration to the great ends of Providence. He who calls his inspired servants from the earth, and takes from us those most useful to righteous plans, has methods that transcend ours as far as the heavens are above the earth.

How the truths we have considered impress the fact that the grandest provision for a peaceful departure is a life well spent, that never outlasts its worthy interests, and leaves no regrets! How the strongest as well as the feeblest, the man intrenched in a nation's love and the humblest of earth's subjects, alike confess the supports of grace the only refuge! To have the heart serene in its trust in Christ, to look from the receding scenes of time upon the glories of the new and eternal existence, to have a name to mention that calms all fear—this is the one confidence that may face unfalteringly the King of Terrors. This is the supreme wisdom, the consummate prudence.

Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

I find in The Christian Union an article on "A Good Conscience," in which Laicus writes thus: "I believe that when Christ said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' he meant exactly what he said. We have no business to ascend the judgment bar, and, even in imagination, summon our fellow-men and sit in judgment on them." Now, may I ask for the harmony between the above and the twentieth verse of Matthew vii? How are we to "know" men by their fruits without calmly *judging* and comparing? Will you please give us in your paper an attempt to harmonize the first and twentieth verses—not a mere sentence or two, but a fair exposition? M. E. P.

The twentieth verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew points out, not how we are to judge men, but how we are to estimate moral teachers. I may judge that a man is not the man to teach my boy Greek or Latin without sitting in judgment upon him as a moral being, and determining, for example, whether he is a Christian or no. So I may judge whether he is the man to teach me and my family religion without judging whether he is a true disciple of Christ. Christ says that in forming our judgment as to moral teachers the final test is the practical fruit of their teaching. This is not the test which is ordinarily employed.

In answer to an inquiry by "Truth," I find this: "We will add here, however, that, in our judgment *aionios* is a word of time import, signifying a period of indefinite, not necessarily of everlasting duration." Is there, then, a possibility that the "life eternal" promised by our Saviour to the righteous may not be of everlasting duration? or that the "eternal God," our everlasting Father, shall finally cease to be? It seems to me that all the precious promises in regard to the eternal verities are made to mean nothing by your statement. Have I failed to grasp your meaning? I pray that it may be so; at all events, as a child of God I shall still hope that the "gift of God" which "is eternal life" will be everlasting. W. C. M.

Our faith in eternal life and eternal Godhead cannot rest upon the etymology of a single word in the New Testament. This would be building that faith on a very narrow and wholly inadequate foundation. It is entirely conceivable also that that same word may be used with a difference of signification. Thus when God promises Canaan to Abraham as an eternal possession it is clear that he does not mean a metaphysical and everlasting possession. When we speak of the eternal hills we do not mean that they will not in the lapse of endless ages crumble all away. It is entirely conceivable, therefore, that eternal applied to punishment may signify a penalty lasting for an indefinite duration, and, applied to life, a life lasting for an indefinite duration, and the one duration may and the other duration may not come ever to an end.

1. Where does George Macdonald, the author, reside? 2. What is his profession? 3. How do his works of fiction rank in the estimation of competent critics? Could I find critiques upon his works? If so, where? 4. Who are his publishers? 5. Can any one give me the name of the author of the following very old, quaint little poem, beginning—

"Down by a river's verdant side,
Just at the close of day,
A dying swan with music sweet
Thus chased her cares away."

I would like the remaining lines. E. P. A.

You will find some account of George Macdonald's life and work, with a portrait, in the June "Harper's Monthly." He lives, or did live, in Hastings, England, and in London. His present profession is entirely, we believe, literary; though for years he was a preacher of the Independent denomination, and was at one time principal of a young ladies' school. Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature" would give you references to magazine and review articles about him. His novels are among the best of those having a distinctly religious purpose.

I see some one asks if any reader recalls the remedy for warts published in The Christian Union. I do not, but recommend "oil of cinnamon." No pain or suppuration. O. O. S.

M. A. E inquires in the last Christian Union for the poem containing the words, "We shall see the King in his beauty," etc. They are found in the second stanza of a poem entitled "My Ain Countrie," by Miss M. A. Lee. It will be found in a collection known as "Winnowed Hymns," published by Biglow & Main. W. C. M.

Please inform me where I can get "Crown of Thorns," by E. H. Chapin. S. H. S.

From Universalist Publishing House, Boston, Mass; $1.25.

A correspondent asks for the whole poem the last stanzas of which commence with—

"Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Not by works that give thee world renown,"

In the Union of June 14 the question is answered, but not quite correctly. The first line of the poem *is*, "Why thus longing thus forever sighing," but it is not "an anonymous publication;" it was written by Miss Harriet Winslow, of Portland, Maine. I have the entire poem, as I copied it into a scrap-book more than forty years ago, and one of my school-teachers in those early years was an intimate friend of Miss Winslow. The poem contains ten verses, and the two lines quoted above are from the fifth verse. J. W. C.

Can you tell me if the poem "The Earthly Paradise," by William Morris, comes bound by itself or in a collection of poems by the same author, and where I can obtain a cheap copy? L. L. D.

Published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston; 3 vols., $6.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

THE General Association of Connecticut—that most venerable of all the ecclesiastical bodies of the country—held its 179th annual meeting in Putnam, Conn., on the 19th and 20th of June. About seventy-five ministers were in attendance. The Association wisely leaves ecclesiastical business to the General Conference, in which the churches as well as the clergy are represented, and spends its own time in listening to papers upon subjects of peculiar and special interest to ministers, or in the discussions to which such papers are sure to give rise. The first subject brought before the Association at the present meeting was the "Bearing of Modern Biblical Criticism on Our Conception of the Bible." Professor Russell, of Yale Seminary, presented a paper on this topic, in which, confining himself to the criticism of the historical and legal writings of the Old Testament, he stated the general results on which the most eminent scholars of the day are now substantially agreed, and described the manner in which the writings referred to are believed to have grown up, in the hands of successive redactors, out of the ancient materials known as the Jehovistic, the Deuteronomic, and the Priestly documents. He declared that the trend of scholarly opinion was now decidedly toward the positions occupied by Kuenen and Wellhausen, but denied that the safety of Biblical Christianity was at all compromised by this fact, or our conception of the Bible as a revelation essentially affected thereby; on the other hand, Old Testament religion, history, and scriptures have the same significance for us as ever, and still remain the authoritative sources of our religious knowledge. So long as we retain a belief in the history of Israel as a self-revelation of God in the form of historic action—with which belief the advanced ideas of the higher criticism are not at all inconsistent—there need be no apprehension of dire results. Professor Russell's paper was marked by perfect candor, great clearness, and utter fearlessness. The Association manifested no alarm whatever on hearing these conclusions of modern scholarship, Professor Day merely suggesting that scholars were by no means agreed in accepting the views presented. The Rev. W. F. Blackman next read a paper on "New Lines of Study Demanded of the Pastor." He considered it of the greatest importance that ministers should really *study* (not merely read) some subject outside of homiletical lines—a thing which, it must be confessed, many ministers, for one reason or another, do not do. *What* they studied he thought of less importance than *that* they studied. Nevertheless, he suggested several hobbies which a minister might ride to very great profit, such as "the humanities"—history, poetry, fiction, and especially biography. As for new studies, the minister must keep in touch with his time, and study those things which will bring him into sympathy with men. He must, for instance, be familiar with the conclusions of recent Biblical scholarship which now excite so great interest; he should study natural science, and such an an important field as sociology he should not allow to remain untraversed.

The evening of Tuesday was given up to the *concio ad clerum*, preached by the Rev. J. P. Hawley, after which the Lord's Supper was administered.

On Wednesday morning the "Inductive Method of Bible Study" was described, and its value fully set forth, in a paper by the Rev. S. H. Lee. It was a significant fact that two of the four topics discussed by the Association related to Biblical study. Mr. Lee showed how the inductive method sought to find out what the Bible really taught. The book was approached in a truly scientific spirit, with the aim simply of learning the facts in the case; while the old dogmatic or philosophical method was to go to its pages with some preconceived theory or dogma, in support of which proof-texts were sought. Not the least of the advantages of the new method was said to be that it was in accord with the scientific temper of the times, and would tend to harmonize the Bible and science. In the discussion that followed one or two of the older men declared their confidence in the old fashioned method of using the Bible, but the majority of those present seemed to agree with the essayist. "Changes Required in Methods of Pastoral Work" were discussed, and opening addresses were made by the Revs. L. Pratt, H. H. Kelsey, and E Anderson. Mr. Anderson, in dealing with the minister's outside duties, said he should be the most influential Christian citizen in the place, even going into politics with the view of helping to keep them clean. This discussion was especially interesting from the fact that two or three of the pastors present gave thrilling descriptions of the hand-to-hand work which they have recently done, during times of religious interest in their own parishes, resulting especially in the conversion of many adults.

A paper on "Prayer in its Relation to the Minister's Life and Work," by the venerable Rev. A C. Adams, of which I can only say that it was tender, devout, and impressive to an unusual degree, introduced an earnest discussion on the necessity of private prayer, which brought to a fitting close a most helpful, interesting, and spiritual meeting. P.

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada is now in session in Halifax, the Nova Scotian capital. A good Presbyterian brother in the eldership is credited with having become dissatisfied with the place in which the Presbytery was holding its meetings. He, therefore, expressed his dissatisfaction, and moved in court one day "that hereafter this Presbytery will hold its meetings in H—, R—, R—, and G—simultaneously." A titter passed through the house, and the Moderator tittered too. By way of correcting the defective phraseology of the mover, the occupant of the chair suggested that the word "alternately" in the motion would express his meaning better. The good elder, however, was not to be corrected, and, emphasizing his words, making the *i* a long *i* and pronouncing the *a* as in *tan*, he vehemently reiterated his resolution that the Presbytery shall meet in these places "simultaneously."

A change must mark the Canadian Assembly with regard to its place of meeting. The leap from Winnipeg to Halifax is too great in one year. To meet in one central place is spoken of by some, although it is not likely that absolute centralization will take place for some years.

Under auspicious circumstances this fourteenth Assembly since the union of the Church was opened. The retiring Moderator delivered a capital inaugural discourse from the text, "This day is a day of good tidings; . . . let us go and tell the king's household." Dr. Burns was succeeded in the moderatorship by the Rev. W. T. McMullen, of Woodstock, who is doing his work well. Among the reasons advanced by his proposer on opening day was the fact that he was an Irishman. No Irishman had yet been Moderator, and the Irish Church was a helper to the Canadian Church in its missionary operations.

The Canadian General Assembly contains as fine looking a collection of men as can be found anywhere. Among its ministerial membership are noted preachers, scholarly professors, true evangelists, and honored workmen. In the eldership are comprised judges and lawyers, doctors and merchants, editors and business men.

There are no burning questions before this Assembly. In consequence, the commissioners are permitted, quietly and thoughtfully, to do the work of the supreme court of a growing and influential denomination. There are a dozen or more applications from ministers of other churches for admission into the Canadian Presbyterian Church The door has been wide open for outsiders for a number of years. A hand is this year "shutting to." The Church feels that it has been too affectionate in the past. Certain importations from abroad already in, others wishing to come in, are known to be undesirable acquisitions.

The home and foreign mission work of the Canadian Church is important. No church in Canada is doing so much for the districts being peopled so rapidly in the new Northwest as the Presbyterian Church. An indefatigable superintendent of missions appointed a few years ago is proving a blessing to this Church and to that new country. The tidings from the foreign lands—India, Formosa, Trinidad, Demerara, the New Hebrides, and the Indian Territory of the Northwest—are encouraging. The Canadian Church employs 169 missionaries, teachers, and helpers in its foreign service.

Two affecting occurrences marked the present Assembly. The first was the observance of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper by the members on Sabbath afternoon. This is the first time the Assembly, as a court, has sat down together at the Lord's table. The second was the reception of the dispatch announcing the death of the Emperor of Germany, and the pause in the proceedings, during which prayer was offered by the Moderator in behalf of the widowed Empress, the members of the royal household, and the German nation.

Among the visitors in Halifax on the occasion of this Assembly are the Rev. Father Chiniquy and the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of Central India. The latter is the plucky missionary who, when the agent of the Viceroy of India, in a fit of ill temper, declared that the door would be closed to missionary operations at Tudore, demanded the rights of a British subject, fought the battle out with Sir Lepel Griffin, and succeeded so well that the liberties of missionaries in Central India were never so great as they are at the present time. Your own Governor St. John is in the city too, and is to deliver a temperance address to-night.

The resolution finally adopted on the subject of prohibition reads as follows:

"This Assembly declares that it is its conviction that the general traffic in intoxicating liquors is contrary to the Word of God and the spirit of the Christian religion; that total prohibition would be the most effective form of temperance legislation, and that it is in the highest degree expedient that the State should pass an efficient liquor law. Therefore, the Assembly urges upon all members of the church to use all legitimate means to secure such legislation." HAMILTON.

HALIFAX, June 18, '88.

BIBLICAL LITERATURE AT AMHERST.

THE work done at Amherst during the past year in the study of Biblical literature was largely the direct outcome of that spirit which lately has manifested itself in American educational institutions in the increased number and efficiency of their elective courses. By this spirit both faculties and students have been so freed from the trammels of prescribed courses in Greek, Latin, and mathematics that, while in general they have not neglected or underrated these studies, they have yet come to the belief that by wider choices of work a college training can be made more valuable to the individual student. The eyes of all, therefore, have been turned toward the discovery of new fields of study, and in these many of the best educators of the land are now engaged.

The publishing of the Revision of the Bible some years ago directed the attention of the religious world in greater degree toward the Scriptures. It gave to their study an impulse not yet spent. Men began in greater numbers to see the beauties of Biblical style and diction, not indeed because the older version is not the equal from the literary point of view of the newer, but because their minds were turned toward a comparison of the two. The new interest felt by the educated in the Bible soon aroused students and instructors to question whether a course in the literary study of the Scriptures might not be profitable added to the curriculum. From such a beginning as this came the movement of the last half decade in Biblical literature. Among other institutions, Amherst College recently offered a two-year elective in this study, open to both seniors and juniors.

The permanence of the course in the curriculum is now assured. An elective in the literature of the English Bible may be defended on the broadest grounds. There is the incontrovertible fact that the Bible has been the inspiration of English literature since the days of the Anglo-Saxons. Moreover, the Bible is the literature of a people who have influenced history more strongly than any other—a literature of prose and poetry, lyrical, narrative, argumentative, always pure and always fresh from nature and God, full of imagery and yet simple in its diction. By these products alone of their minds and hearts, preserved to us as the Holy Scriptures, can that nation whom God chose as his peculiar portion be measurably understood. The advocates of the admission of this study of the Bible into the curriculum believed that it would be of value in the fields both of history and literature. The chief end, however, of last winter's work was to develop the field of literature particularly, and only incidentally that of history.

The graduate of past years doubtless remembers well the course of prescribed lectures or possibly recitations in Bible study held in his Alma Mater for a term or a year, or even during the four years of his college life. He doubtless remembers as well how incomplete and unsatisfactory was the knowledge he there gained of the Scriptures. The work was necessarily superficial, for there was little or no individual study. The Faculty of Amherst wished, if possible, to escape this evil. Already there was a Chair of Biblical History and Interpretation in the institution, filled by the college pastor. Fortunately for the real efficiency of the course, the division was small. The plan of the work embraced a general study of the history of the English versions and of the transmission of the original texts, with an examination of the principles of textual criticism. Thus the way was prepared for a careful literary study of the Scriptures. So far as possible the German seminary method was used, and reference was had continually to the best authorities, critical and exegetical. After the introductory matter had been passed over, the remainder of the time was devoted to literary criticisms in the form of essays upon the books of history, poetry, and prophecy in the Old Testament and upon the Epistles of the New. Each student prepared one such essay upon a book of each class. The reading of the essays, with criticisms freely given by students as well as the instructor, imparted a general knowledge of all the books to each one of the class, while his own work made him very fairly acquainted with some four. The study was pursued in an entirely non-devotional spirit, and the Bible was treated as a literature left us by an Oriental people, whose traits, peculiarities, and history could thus be studied with careful attention. The method adopted proved very successful, since it fitted itself readily to individual tastes.

What was the result to those engaged in this work?

For the Biblical Literature division in Amherst, I may answer that we found in the study of the Bible very much the same discipline as is gained in other studies in history and literature—training in literary taste and in the critical sense, and also in the philosophy of history; nor, in our experience, did familiarity with the Bible as a means of intellectual culture lessen respect for it as the inspired Scriptures of the Christian Church. The more we know the truth the more near and precious it becomes. As a practical demonstration of the value which college students have seen in this study stands the fact that the juniors who were in the division last winter will undoubtedly be members of the class next year, when the Pentateuch and Gospel history will be studied. Those who intend to take a course in theology after graduation have found the work of especial interest and helpfulness. The study was a needed addition to the curriculum, and in its results has proven the wisdom of those who advocated its introduction. If in literature and history there is that which will repay careful and diligent study, if men can find in them inspiration for their lives and culture for their minds, and if in college, above all places, should be given every advantage for their pursuit, then those institutions which have offered elective courses in Biblical literature deserve the gratitude of the educational world.

H. E. CHANCELLOR

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT.

As an indication of the spread of the Society during the year past it is said that whereas perhaps in Chicago and the immediate vicinity there were twenty-five societies, now there are seventy. In Detroit there are fourteen, almost all formed within the past year. In New York State are nearly seven hundred, and in Massachusetts nearly five hundred. In the whole country there are more than five thousand Societies, with over 300,000 members, most of which will be reported at the coming National Convention.

Christian Endeavor trains for the Chicago Convention will leave various points throughout the country on Monday and Tuesday, July 2 and 3. From Boston a long train of Pullman cars, and perhaps two, will be required, and special cars from Portland, Concord, Springfield, St. Albans, etc., will join the train. Other special trains carrying the delegates from Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania will run from central points, while from many of the large cities of the West and the interior excursions at greatly reduced rates have also been arranged. Not the least enjoyable part of the whole occasion will be the meeting of so many active young Christians from all denominations all bound for the same Mecca.

The promoters of the Society are giving much attention to the systematic study of the Bible among the members of the organization. One means of promoting such study is in connection with the International Bible Reading Association, which all the members may join at an expense of from two to five cents a year. The headquarters of this association are in London, and carefully selected Bible readings for each day upon the International Sunday-School Lessons are sent to all members. This is a most excellent plan, and should be encouraged. Professor W. R. Harper, who has done so much to popularize the study of Hebrew, has also prepared a series of "Inductive Bible Studies" for the Christian Endeavor Societies which he will explain and illustrate at the Chicago Convention. These studies promise to be exceedingly helpful.

Ah Syoo, the Corresponding Secretary of a Society in Lower Burmah in the Baptist Mission, in a remarkably well written letter, says: "Our Society is here known by the name of 'Kyo-zah-thaw-ah-thin'—literally, 'The Society Which Tries.' At our monthly experience meetings, where every member tries to be present, we often hear the boys and girls say how much good they have received since the Society was started. The different committees are doing their best, and interest is sustained in all the meetings. Many of the associate members have joined the church by baptism."

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—For several years the work of the Italian Young Men's Christian Association in this city has been carried on by the Rev. C. Stauder, and recently a Young Women's branch has been started. It is now hoped that funds may be obtained for a much-needed permanent home for this Association. Mr. Stauder well says:

"We have sixty thousand Italians in our city, half that number more in the vicinity, and about a million in the country. Evidently that number will increase for many years to come; and as this city is the gate through which the flood of immigration enters the States, they need to be taken up at their entrance, when all is blank to them, and they are capable of impression. Even if America owed nothing to Italy, it would be a menace and a shame to let this brute force grow and spread without offering them all possible means of education and assimilation. This is not a simple task for Episcopalians or Presbyterians; it behooves all communities and individuals who have at heart the welfare of our Republic. This is not a foreign mission work, it is a home work."

Contributions to aid the carrying out this excellent work may be directed to Mr. Stauder, at the office of the Association at No. 72 Bible House, this city.

—From the report of Secretary Frank R. Morris, of the Brooklyn Sunday-School Union, it appears that the total number of schools is 287, and of officers and teachers, 11,103. The total of scholars was 103,648, and the average attendance 69,074.

—The old Gospel Tabernacle on the southeast corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, in this city, in which Dr. Hepworth and Dr. Newman formerly preached, has been sold for $160,000.

—The First Free Congregational Church of Lockport, N. Y., celebrated its semi-centennial on June 7. The church was formed fifty years ago by separation from the First Presbyterian Church on the question of slavery, the forty-five members who left holding that the slaves should be free.

—The Cornell University Christian Association held its twentieth anniversary services on June 17. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, President Adams, and other speakers made addresses. Dr. Storrs eulogized the late A. S. Barnes, who gave $50,000 for the Association hall, the finest college hall in the country, now being erected. The Cornell Association numbers over 400 members, and is the largest and best equipped college Association in the country.

—The Rev. Dr. Leighton Coleman, of Sayre, Pa., who was elected bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware at the Diocesan Convention held in Dover on June 6, has accepted the bishopric.

—Professor Edward Danforth, Secretary of the New York State Sunday-School Association, died at Elmira on June 13, after a brief illness. He was for many years prominent in educational work in the State, and had been President, and for ten years Secretary, of the Sunday-School Association.

—The Rev. Dr. Bickel, Superintendent of the American Baptist Publishing Society in Hamburg, talked to the Baptist ministers of this city on Monday of last week on Baptist work in Germany. He said that in portions of the country the Baptist denomination was composed almost entirely of the poor working people. Workingmen in this country did not understand what small wages were received there. Mechanics earned seventy-five cents a day, and workingmen generally twelve and one-half cents. Their homes were often mere holes dug in the earth.

—The costly memorial window in memory of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson, presented by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the members of the Simpson Memorial Methodist Church in Long Branch, was dedicated last Sunday morning. General Clinton B. Fisk, who was an intimate friend of the late Bishop, delivered an address.

—The Puritan Congregational Church of Wilkesbarre, Pa., was struck by lightning last Sunday evening while service was being held. Many of the audience were prostrated by the shock, but no one was killed.

—The new cathedral at Albany promises to be eminent among cathedrals for its memorial character. Not only will there be ten stained-glass memorial windows, but the twenty-four main pillars, no two of whose capitals will be alike, are to be memorials; smaller pillars are to commemorate dead children; and one hundred stalls, the altar, altar rail, font, lecturn, and other parts of the auditorium will be gifts in memoriam.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The Rev. William H. Moore, of Hartford, Statistical Secretary of the General Conference of Congregational Churches in Connecticut, has just completed the compilation of statistics for 1887. The figures will disprove the statement which has been widely circulated that the Congregational churches in Connecticut have entered upon a period of decadence. The whole number of churches of the denomination in the State January 1 was 298. Since the beginning of the year a new Swedish church has been organized at Bridgeport, and will within a few days be admitted into organic union with the Congregational Association there. The total membership January 1 was 57,202. Of this number 38,056 were females. The net increase in membership for the year was 1,005. The additions by profession of faith aggregated 2,045, and by letter 1,337. The removals by death reached a total of 977; by letter, 1,284, and 116 by discipline. The total enrollment in the Sunday-schools of the denomination was 55,352, being more than double the number reported twenty-five years ago.

—The Rev. Dr. John S. Lindsay, of Bridgeport, preached the sermon before the annual Diocesan Convention of Connecticut at Hartford recently. Bishop Williams in his address spoke as follows of Christian unity:

"What I would especially deprecate just now, as tending not to assist but to embarrass future action, is the adoption of and acting on individual plans for promoting the end desired. Such plans are always likely to have an importance ascribed to them by those who originate and dwell on them greater than they are entitled to. And since it was in such ways, and by just such acts, that the divisions of Christendom began, it is hardly likely that they will be of much use in restoring that the loss of which was so largely caused by them. Especially in cases where, in regard to any plans that commend themselves to us, there may be reasonable doubt whether they do not conflict with canonical provisions which we are bound to obey, the doubt, I must think, should be given, not on the side of our own wishes, but on the side of strict interpretation of the law. We cannot safely adopt any line of action that may land us before we know it in some form of the theory of probabilism. Nor can it ever be well, in anxiety for union among all, to be wanting in consideration for those who are of our own household of faith, and so to give occasion to strife and division among them. They are surely entitled to as much consideration as any others can be."

—The new Episcopal Church at Lenox, Mass., was consecrated on June 19. The presentation of the church was made by Colonel R. T. Auchmuty, and Bishop Paddock formally received the gift. Bishop Paddock then read the sentence of consecration. The morning prayer service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Field, pastor of the church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, of Stockbridge, and the Rev. W. W. Newton, of Pittsfield. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Bishop Potter, of New York.

—The quarterly conference of the Massachusetts district, Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, was held in Boston last week. Reports from all the churches show an increase in membership which reaches 700. The following somewhat odd resolution was adopted: "*Resolved*, that the obtaining of opinion by means of dreams and similar manifestations is bad policy and bad precedent, when used as an argument."

—The fifth annual Commencement of Northfield Seminary took place in the week closing June 20, the special anniversary exercises taking place on that day. The Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Boston, was the orator of the day. He took for his subject the life of Robinson Crusoe. "He compared us all to Crusoe; the problem of life for us all has, as it had for Crusoe, four factors—self, civilization, raw material, fellow man. When we begin to think, three questions face us—Whence did we come? What are we? Whither do we go? These are answered by the follower of Plato, by the Buddhist, by the materialist, and by the Bible. Religion meets man by the shore and points him backward. Let us think of the present only, and study the factors in the problem of life."

WEST AND SOUTH.

—Many of the Protestant ministers of Cincinnati, O., on Sunday of last week preached a centennial sermon in commemoration of the first centenary of the settlement of the Northwest Territory.

—At St. Paul, Minn., June 14, a farewell reception was given by the congregation of Plymouth Church to their late pastor, Dr. M. McG. Dana. A well filled purse was presented to Dr. Dana, the Rev. R. Hall making a graceful presentation address, to which Dr. Dana responded in his usual felicitous manner, closing with words of hearty farewell and best wishes for the continued prosperity of the society.

—At the annual meeting of the Augusta Synod of the Swedish Lutheran Churches of North America just held in Galesburg, Ill., the annual report of the President showed that twenty-six new churches had been completed; that the communicants had been increased 4,500; that the four educational institutions of this Synod employed fifty-seven professors, and had 868 students.

—The Rev. S. G. Smith, of the People's Church of St. Paul, announced at a recent service that it had been decided to erect a building for the church at an expense of $50,000. This is the liberal independent church which was started last winter.

—The Rev. Dr. W. A. Leonard, rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Washington, has declined the bishopric to which he was recently elected.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—Daniel Greene accepts a call to the church in Machias, Me.

—R. G. Hutchins, of the Second Church of Oberlin, Ohio, has received a call to the First Church of Los Angeles, Cal.

—T. M. Oviatt accepts a call to the church at Antioch, Cal.

—H. O. Thayer, of Woolrich, Me., resigns.

—A. M. Sherman was installed pastor of the church in Morristown, N. J., on June 13,

—C. W. Drake, of New Haven, Conn., accepts a call to Bridgewater, N. Y.

—Sherrod Soule has been installed as pastor of the Dane Street Church of Beverly, Mass.

—J. H. Windsor, of Belvedere, Ill., has resigned.

—O. W. Means, of Portland, Me., declines a call to the Firs Church of West Springfield, Mass.

—M. M. G. Dana, of St. Paul, Minn., accepts his call from the Kirk Street Church of Lowell, Mass.

—Isaiah W. Sneath was installed as pastor of the Wood Memorial Church of Cambridgeport, Mass., on June 21. Sermon by the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—Joseph Fewsmith, of the Second Church of Newark, N. J., died suddenly on June 21.

—C. A. Jones was installed as pastor of the Union Reformed Church, Sixth Avenue, New York City, on June 19.

—G. F. Hunting, D.D., was installed as pastor of the church at Alma, Mich., June 13.

—J. H. de Vries was ordained as assistant pastor of the First Church of Yonkers, N. Y., on June 21.

—H. B. Dunning was ordained at Flushing, Mich., June 13.

—W. C. McGarvey accepts a call from the Breckenridge Street Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

—J. J. Lampe was installed as pastor of Christ Church in Thirty-fifth Street, this city, on June 21.

—T. L. Byington, for many years a missionary in Turkey, and in charge of the publications of the Presbyterian Board in Bulgaria, died in Philadelphia last week.

—R. C. Rogers died in Brooklyn on June 21, at the age of sixty-seven.

EPISCOPAL.

—W. F. Bielby has become rector of St. Andrew's Church, Kent ston.

—J. W. Kays, of St. Timothy's Church, Philadelphia, Pa., has resigned.

—W. H. Brooks, of St. Andrew's Church, Andover, Mass., has resigned.

—H. W. Spalding has become rector of Grace Church, Lyons, N. Y.

—George McClellan Fiske, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Providence, has been elected Bishop of the Diocese of Fond du Lac.

Monasteries have increased in Belgium since the establishment of the kingdom, in 1830, when there were 280 of these institutions, with 6,000 inmates. In 1862 there were 1,200, with 16,500 members, and in 1880 there were 1,559 institutions, with 25,362 members, of whom 10,669 were employed in teaching. At the present time the number of these monastic and conventual persons is about thirty thousand, five times as great as in 1830.

Books and Authors.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.[1]

This is the latest and the best book on the subject on which it treats. Professor Le Conte is a devout Christian believer. He is also a radical evolutionist. In his case at last religion and evolution do not disagree. He undertakes to show in this volume how they are to be reconciled; or at least to indicate the direction in which we are to look for reconciliation. The book is in three parts. The first part states the doctrine of evolution, and shows that it is only the last and necessary step in a progress of thought which has been going on for years, every step of which theological conservatives have resisted, and yet which has done nothing to militate against religious faith or life. The second part gives some of the evidences in detail for the doctrine of evolution. The third part indicates some of the changes in religious doctrine which the general acceptance of the philosophy of evolution will necessitate. The first two parts of this volume are admirable. There is no better book for a student to read in order to get a broad and general view of the nature of the theory of evolution and the evidence by which it is supported. We have said that Professor Le Conte is a radical evolutionist; he is so radical that he holds that not merely man's body, nor even merely his social and sensuous nature, is the product of an evolution from lower orders, but that his religious and spiritual nature has been similarly developed from his social instincts. In short, he accepts to the full, if we understand him aright, all for which Darwin contends in his "Descent of Man" and "Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." This has always appeared to us the least probable and the least sustained element in Darwin's theory of human development, and the one least necessary to its scientific entirety. Professor Le Conte has not changed our judgment in this respect. Yet we are quite ready to agree that it is a matter wholly of secondary consequence how man became possessed of a divine and spiritual nature, so that it is agreed that he now possesses such a nature. For our obligations depend upon what we now are, not upon how we became what we are.

It is in the third part that Professor Le Conte's book appears to us least satisfactory. He shows very clearly that evolution is not inconsistent with theism; he shows very clearly that in maintaining the presence of a God immanent in nature, in place of a God dealing with nature from without, evolution brings God nearer humanity, and makes the supernatural more real and more continuous. But he does not seem to us to consider adequately the further question of the relations of the doctrine of evolution to Christianity and Christian theology. The doctrine of evolution, if it be consistently held and courageously applied, will revolutionize Christian dogmatic theology, and materially modify the methods of Christian activity. It will substitute in both the domain of thought and in that of life a conception of religion as a development under law, for that of religion as a miraculous interpretation independent of law and not to be harmonized with laws as known to us. Theology has regarded Revelation as a communication of truth, by sensuous manifestations, from without to the mind of man. Evolution must regard it as an unveiling of truth by a gradual process, and through successive stages—truth concealed in nature and in human experience and waiting to be unveiled. Theology has regarded the Fall as a one epochal and fatal event in which the whole race shared and for which the whole race suffered. Evolution must regard it as the progress downward of any creature which violates the laws of its own natural and normal development and steps out of the march upward by which God is conducting humanity to its divine ideal. Theology has regarded redemption as a remedy for a fatal undoing, like the setting of a broken limb, or the healing of an ugly and nearly fatal wound. Evolution must regard it as a steady and gradual process by which God is so brooding the race that out of it he will eventually evolve his own artistic conception of a perfect manhood. According to the one conception he is restoring an obliterated painting; according to the other we see the divine artist putting the original painting on the canvas. Theology has regarded regeneration as a new and divine creation miraculously accomplished in a few favored souls. Evolution must regard it as that play of the higher or the lower nature which is the first condition of the evolution of the inorganic into the organic, the vegetable into the animal, the lower type into the higher type in all forms of life. Theology has regarded atonement as a plan or arrangement perfected in time, by which it was possible for God and man to come together in spiritual fellowship without violating the moral order. Evolution must regard it as an eternal going forth of God that he may reunite the world to himself and make it at one with him by means of the eternal laws of the moral order. Theology has regarded eternal death as eternal existence in conscious suffering inflicted by an indignant if not angry God. Evolution must regard it as the disorganization and final extinction of a creature which, refusing to conform to the laws of its own being and to live in the spiritual environment which is indispensable to its spiritual existence, finally ceases to be. In short, the revolution involved in theology by Professor Le Conte's theory of evolution is far more radical than he apparently perceives it to be. Nor will the objections which devout souls feel to that theory be obviated, until some one shows them that it gives them a Bible more divine because more truly human, a doctrine of Fall more profoundly appealing because one that is verified and illustrated in every man's experience, a doctrine of Redemption more inspiring because with a grander hope in it, a doctrine of Regeneration and of Atonement more spiritually powerful because it deals more directly with the experience of to-day and tallies more accurately with the testimony of spiritual consciousness, and a doctrine of penalty more truly awful because more consonant both with the facts of nature and with belief in the eternal goodness of God. As our readers may have surmised, we are not of the number of those who think that such a reconstruction of theology would be either impossible in thought or injurious to life. But as yet it exists only in hints and fragmentary utterances. Probably the time has not come for these to be framed together in a completed "new theology." At all events, this is not done, nor even really attempted, by Professor Le Conte.

[1] *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought.* By Joseph Le Conte. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

THE FIGHTING VERES.[1]

The lives of the Veres covered a period of history full of interest, and charged with forceful causes of the revolutions in the social and political life of both England and the Continental nations for the succeeding century and a half. The Veres were distinctly men of their time, mates of Raleigh and Drake, the last flashes of that flame of chivalry which flared for a while in Elizabeth's reign before it died down into darkness forever. The good Queen Bess knew well, and none better, how to use the strong and noble men who stood at the steps of her throne. Perhaps never again will the world see such heroism, devotion, loyalty, and love to a sovereign as Surrey and Raleigh and Francis Vere felt for the "Fairie Queen." What was the secret of her influence? This: that she was wholly and unselfishly given up to her people. She forgot that she was a woman to love and be loved; she obliterated her personality; she effaced herself, and all for her kingdom's sake. Thus was she one of the greatest of statesmen, thus she fired the hearts of all about her.

The record of the lives of Sirs Francis and Horace Vere is made up of a list of battles, marches, and sieges. Sir Francis died at the age of forty-nine years, worn out with work, enfeebled from exposure, and covered with scars from the wounds of war. He was an austere man, but just, held in deep awe by his soldiery, who would follow him into the most desperate places. Himself absolutely fearless he inspired courage. Already when a young man he made his mark as a soldier, gained of the Queen that trust in his courage and wisdom which never lessened and ended only with her life. It is not always easy to understand every device of Elizabeth's statecraft, but her policy touching the Dutch Republics was the obviously wise course to take. Spain was then the strongest of European powers. The New World was before the nations of the Old World. To break the power of Spain, to seize upon a slice as large as possible of America, was the manifest course for the daughter of Henry VIII. to take, in order to retrieve for her dominion the mistakes committed by her father, her brother's advisers, and her sister Mary. At first she was not strong enough to recover openly; secretly she helped the Dutch States; but at the assassination of William the Silent she felt strong enough to declare herself—and she did so, in a document which Mr. Markham thinks worthy to be alongside the Declaration of Independence. Consequent upon the assumption of this position the Queen sent troops to the United Netherlands to repel the Spanish forces. There, with the exception of one critical scene, was the theater of all the war, and of nearly all the fighting of Sir Francis Vere. At Sluys, where he won his spurs, at Bergen-op-Zoom, at Breda, Zutphen, Deventer, Kymwegen, and Ostend, he showed himself invariably the consummate soldier. His very defeats, as in the surrender of Ostend, were a victory.

It was at Cadiz where Raleigh commanded the naval forces and Sir Francis the land forces, that the power of Spain, shaken sorely by Francis Drake in the destruction of the Armada, was finally humbled.

"The sack of Cadiz, with the destruction of the fleet, was a blow from which Philip II. and his government never recovered. It ruined the merchants and crippled the resources of the country, while it clouded the last years of the tyrant with mortification and shame. In proportion it raised the power and influence of the great Queen, and filled the hearts of her subjects with joy and gratitude" (p. 235). This event marked the rise of the Protestant powers and the beginning of the decline of Catholic countries. In fact, the struggle was full of religious significance.

With the death of his Queen and the beginning of the shifting, pusillanimous policy of her successor, Sir Francis Vere felt that he had reached the end of his career. Riddled with bullets, unable longer to bear the burden of inaction in camp, he sought and obtained release from his command. Mr. Motley supposes a want of cordial feeling between Prince Maurice of Nassau, the States, and Sir Francis Vere. This view seems irreconcilable with the documents which Mr. Markham spreads upon his pages, and which grants from the States to "the noble and valorous Sir Francis Vere, Knight, . . . to acknowledge the said continued great and notable services and affection, we, after perfect deliberation, in recompense of the said services, as well for his person in the aforesaid qualities, . . . as also for the services of his officers and soldiers, etc., have granted . . . during his lifetime, of three thousand pounds, of forty pence the pound—a coin of these countries, yearly." Horace Vere, who had been the intimate companion of his brother, succeeded Francis in place and power. Though trained in war by his brother, he was different in disposition, being more quiet, less venturesome, and even in disposition. He was a man of whom it was said: "Had one seen him returning from a victory, he would by his silence have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have collected him a conqueror, by the cheerfulness of his spirit."

The wars of the Netherlands were the school for the military men of the next generation. The Veres learned from their enemies tactics which made England victorious. Among those who fought under the Veres were the great leaders of the Civil War—Sir Jacob Astley, Sir Thomas Glenham, Lord Grandison, Sir Richard Grenville, Lords Goring and Byron on the King's side; and upon the side of Parliament Earls of Essex, Warwick, Peterborough, Lord Fairfax, and George Monk. Thus the Veres began the military might of modern Britain. Champions of civil and religious liberty, their influence in the cause of freedom was felt long after their death. They were therefore really epoch-making men.

Mr. Markham has shown not only labor in sifting evidence, and study of original documents, but fine discrimination and historical acumen. His monograph is thus a valuable addition to standard military biography.

[1] "*The Fighting Veres:*" *Lives of Sir Francis Vere, General of the Queen's Forces in the Low Countries, Governor of the Brill and of Portsmouth, and of Sir Horace Vere, General of the English Forces in the Low Countries, Governor of the Brill, Master General of Ordnance, and Baron Vere of Tilbury.* By Clements R. Markham. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The Book of Job (According to the Version of 1885). By Daniel Curry, D.D., LL.D. (New York: Phillips & Hunt. $2.) The unfortunate patriarch whose checkered life is portrayed in the poem which bears his name has been "generally overhauled," as Horace Greeley remarked, by successive commentators as the sands of the sea for multitude. The utterly divergent conclusions at which they often arrive strengthens the growing opinion among intelligent thinkers that the traditional view of this and some other portions of the Old Testament must be greatly modified to meet the requirements of a rational and progressive theory of inspiration. Dr. Curry does not fear to open the windows of his spiritual understanding to air and sunlight. His treatment of the question raised concerning the authorship, time, purpose, meaning, contents, of this poem is both candid and fearless. He starts out with the assumption that the Book of Job is a Hebrew poem, having chiefly a didactic purpose, and is intended to illustrate some of the deepest and darkest problems of the divine dealing with mankind. The lessons conveyed and the profound truths inculcated are to him of vastly greater importance than the settlement of the question whether the narrative is legendary, historical, or fictitious, although, personally, Dr. Curry holds, with Delitzsch and Davidson, that Job is not a historical book. He does not find in it that unmistakable testimony of Christ which appears in the Prophecies; and yet the poem possesses a Christological character in the sense that Christ is manifested in the Divine Fatherhood as seen in his readiness to regard the prayer of the penitent and to bless with pardon all contrite souls. Its Christology is that of spirit, not of letter. With deep appreciation of the wisdom, tenderness, strength, and beauty of this marvelous production, Dr. Curry would subordinate the critical problems of authorship and canonicity to the loftier mission that breathes in the divine humanity of its teaching. And while these questions are discussed in a carefully prepared introduction, the subject-matter of the volume deals with the exposition of the text as it stands in the Revised Version. The author has not hesitated to avail himself largely of the useful labors of Wordsworth, Ewald, Taylor Lewis, Delitzsch, Davidson, Cook, Barr, and others who have offered valuable contributions to the literature of the subject. And yet there is no trace of that servility to authorities which minimizes the real importance of so many works of this character. The mode of treatment is broad, free,

independent, and the chief object kept in view is both profit and instruction to the English reader who may be thoughtful and intelligent, although lacking in linguistic and exegetical attainments. And still no vital question raised by scholarship is overlooked. The arrangement of contents merits a world of approval. Whatever the author has to say is not relegated in large measure to foot notes, appendices, excursus 1, 2, 3, etc.; but it appears in the order of each page—a boon which is no trifle to the reader. We cordially commend this exposition to the Christian public, in the belief that it will find a welcome commensurate with its undoubted excellence.

Evangelistic Work, in Principle and Practice. By Arthur T. Pierson, D D. (New York: Baker & Taylor Co.) Dr. Pierson speaks of evangelistic work earnestly, practically, and suggestively. The first part of this attractive little book, though devoted to "evangelistic work in theory," is rather practical than theoretical. The evangelistic problem is impressively stated, and the helps and hindrances to its solution are earnestly discussed. To give in a few words the writer's solution: The world must be evangelized wrough the individual Christian. "Let every hearer become a herald." The best chapter of the first part is that entitled "Heights and Wings," in which "God's law, Use or Lose," is suggestively unfolded. The second part—and the think the better—is composed of sketches of the great evangelists. They are: Whitefield, the Field Evangelist; Howard, the Prison Evangelist; Finney, the Revival Evangelist; Chalmers, the Parish Evangelist; Spurgeon, the Pastoral Evangelist; Shaftesbury, the Philanthropic Evangelist; Moody, the Evangelist of the People; Bliss, the Singing Evangelist; McAll, the Evangelist of the French; McAuley, the Evangelist of the Outcast. These biographical chapters are graphic, interesting, and inspiring. It is perhaps hardly fair to call in question the literary style of a book written so evidently with a practical purpose and earnest motive, but the reader can not help noticing how constantly—and unconsciously—Dr. Pierson falls into the alliterative habit, as when he says: "Selfishness and self-absorption swell our worse self, and shrink and shrivel," etc. Every chapter is introduced with a striking remark or illustration, which does not always introduce the thought of the chapter; but, aside from that, this method soon becomes mechanical. Each chapter is brought to a close in the same way. The chapters are brief, and the whole work therefore scrappy. It is not a book through which the thought moves like a river with a deep, steady, continuous flow, bearing you on to its destination with ever-increasing volume. But if the work is neither profound nor continuous, it is, as we said at the outset, earnest, practical, and suggestive.

Historic Towns. Colchester. By the Rev. E. L. Cutts. (London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.) Although Colchester was never the see of a bishop, and therefore could not rank as a city; although it failed to attain even the dignity of a country town, yet its ancient history, of which the beginning is lost in the obscurity of Britain before the Roman conquest, then its Roman period of importance and prosperity, its growth and wealth under the Saxons and Normans, its memorable siege in the Civil War, make it one of the most interesting towns in England. This most ancient of historic towns in England first appears in history as the royal seat of Cymbeline, (Cimobelin), and under the name of Camaladurum. Later, under Emperor Claudius, it becomes a Roman colonial outpost—*Colonia Castra*, hence Colchester. A graphic picture of the mediæval town, with its guilds and merchants, friars and canons, mounted knights and labor-bowed rustics, begging monks and Jew money-lenders, is evoked from inventories, tax lists, and like dry-as-dust materials of history. The old town lives again, and one thinks of the magic mirrors of the Lady of Shalott. The Reformation did no very creditable things for Colchester. The wholesale destruction and spoliation of Cromwell, the King, and the Commissioners, bled Colchester into a state of collapse. The famous siege of Colchester during the Civil War was important, because it was the last strong effort made by the royalists to save Charles. When the Parliamentary forces entered Colchester, the last strength of the King was broken. The story of the siege, and of the brutal murder of the two Royalist commanders by the dishonorable forces of Parliament, are well and truly told. "For a century past the town has greatly thriven—first as the center of a flourishing corn growing district; and, although corn-growing has now ceased to be very profitable, the prosperity of the town has been maintained by the number of soldiers quartered in it, and the families of officers who have taken up their residence there."

It is a foregone conclusion that anything which Dr. E. A. Freeman, the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, chooses to say upon his own subject is worth saying; but these *Four Oxford Lectures*, 1887 (New York. Macmillan & Co.), are not quite up to Dr. Freeman's own standard. Lectures I. and II. are suggested by the jubilee year of her Majesty Victoria, and they discuss the changes upon the map of Europe during the last half-century. Dr. Freeman thus incidentally strengthens Lord Tennyson's well known comparison in the "Locksley Hall" of twenty years ago of the significance of this sized period in Europe with a cycle of Cathay—Cathay being chosen from a rhyme's sake. However, seriously speaking, the change in political geography has been immense, and to indicate it would be to describe the boundaries then and now of almost every European State. Lectures III. and IV. are a return to the charge on the old question, "Are We Kelts or Teutons?" That is to say, Is the ancestry of the English British or Saxon? It appears that Professors Sayce and Huxley have been casting doubts upon Dr. Freeman's old and well-known doctrine that "we are ourselves and not some one else," so that the Regius Professor feels obliged, somewhat prematurely for his plans, to define his own position distinctly. That position is that the *Teutonic* or Dutch invaders "extirpated" or "exterminated" the Brets or Kelts or Kymri *as a race*. He does not suppose that no individual woman or child escaped, but as a people the Britons were abolished. Dr. Freeman points to the Teutonic conquest of Gaul, where the opposite result occurred. At all events, there the conquerors assumed the language, customs, laws, and religion of the conquered. He would have us understand that in their first home in Jutland or Frisia, in their second in Britain, and in their third in America, the Angles or English are always purely Angles or English. We are almost persuaded.

The Jewish Home Prayer Book (New York: Philip Cowen) In October, 1885, a paper on Home Worship was read by the Rev. Louis Stern at the Conference of Jewish Ministers in Baltimore. An earnest discussion followed, a committee was appointed, and this book is the result. The Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes wrote the Meditations for the Sabbath, the Festivals, the Daily Prayers for Children, etc., and Dr. Gottheil added many ethical readings. Alexander Kohut and Louis Stern were the other members of the committee. It is well when Israel is called again to prayer, and to the rebuilding of the home altar. There is much reverent meditation in this book, that the Christian could follow with profit. It is sad that no light gleams from the Blessed Lord upon the praying Israelite. In time of sorrow and distress, at the grave of kindred and friend these petitions show, in their poverty of comfort, the wealth of him who believes in and follows Jesus Christ. An absent Messiah leaves the Jewish household in early darkness. An accepted Lord would revolutionize these prayers. Yet there is no yearning in them for the Messiah to come. Either the long delay has paralyzed desire, or the unconscious uncertainty which eighteen centuries of Christian life has begotten has forced the petition from their lips. It is at the family altar that Israel should cry unceasingly for the Messiah.

Origin of the Disciples of Christ. By William H. Whitsitt, D.D., LL D. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.) This is an effort on the part of Dr. Whitsitt to trace the sect commonly called Campbellites to the Sandemanian sect of Scotland. He gives Mr. John Glas, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, who studied the Scriptures in order to oppose the Cameronian dissenters, the credit of originating this body of believers, gathering the first church July 13, 1725. He carefully discusses the ancient order of things, and shows that very soon Robert Sandeman, son-in-law of Mr. Glas, began to outshine the founder of the body by means of his labors in the department of Christian doctrine, and gave his name to the sect. The work of Robert Haldane and his brother is examined in its relation to this growing body of believers. The story of the Campbells is told with much detail, and the author concludes that Mr. Campbell derived almost every one of his religious opinions from the literature of Sandemanianism, and adds: "If he ever had an original idea, he took pains to avoid giving expression to it in such of his writings as have been submitted to the inspection of the public." The narrative is a forcible argument against multiplying sects among Christians; it is, without intending to be, a pathetic appeal for unity.

The Gospel According to St. Mark. By the Very Rev. G. A. Cadwick, D D., Dean of Armagh. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.) This volume is a book of sermons and a commentary in one. Each chapter centers the thought upon a few leading events in the life of our Lord, and the verses are grouped in such manner that special treatment of a particular verse is merged into general comment on the meaning of the clustered passages. The advantage of such a method lies in the sustained and continuous interest of the reader. This publication is neither critical nor exegetical, but expository. It aims to unfold the spiritual and moral truths taught in the life and words of Jesus as reported by St. Mark. Many of these practical expositions may be read with profit at morning devotions. Others will prove helpful to Sunday-school teachers and lay workers. The work is the product of ripe learning and earnest Christian faith. In his treatment of certain topics, as, for example, the Temptation, Miracles, Dr. Chadwick is commonplace and traditional, and sometimes unfortunate in his phraseology, as where he speaks of Christ as "allowing His Sacred Personality *cunningly* to fall into the background." But there is so much of sweetness, truth, and sound instruction in this book that criticism on minor points is silenced. The devotional nature will not lack for food in these pages, which are at the same time sufficiently helpful upon the scholarly side of Bible study.

Ten O'Clock, by J. A. M Whistler (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the quintessential product of these latest days. Mr. Whistler has been in labor with an oracle, is now delivered, and doing as well as could be expected; therefore let us all be thankful. He objects to Mr. Ruskin, to the æsthetes, to popularization of art, to amateurs, to dilettantes. His gospel is that the art spirit is unconscious, that nature is seldom in harmony, that "there never was an artistic period," "there never was an art-loving nation." How Mr. Whistler manages to forget his Pausanias and Cellini we are unable to imagine. There never was an age when a due proportion of amateurs was not born to every thousand births. The antiquity of the art collector is coeval with the evolution of the bump of acquisitiveness. No! Mr. Whistler, we need not your tone of pontifical infallibility, your epigrammatic phrasing of a Justice of the Supreme Court. Go to, and etch, for there you are alone *sans pareil*.

The initial number of Appleton's Town and Country Library (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) contains a translation of *The Steel Hammer*, a very striking and dramatic story by Louis Ulbach. The volume is convenient in form and attractively printed. The story shows the excellent constructive skill which is rarely denied the modern French novelist, without which, in fact, the modern French novelist cannot obtain recognition. Ulbach has a story to tell which is both ingenious and interesting, and he tells it in a way to keep alive the interest of his readers, although he is at no trouble to conceal the general movement of the plot. "The Steel Hammer" is, however, a good deal more than a novel of plot; it is also a novel of character It might, indeed, be called a study in psychology, so delicate and so penetrating is its insight into the effect of crime and of suspicion upon widely different characters. The translation by Mrs E. W. Latimer is faithful and spirited, done with such skill that the vivacity and charm of the French style seem to lose little in the transition.

Hester Stuart's story, *A Modern Jacob* (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.), is a pleasing study of character in Yankeedom. The old farmer Balcome and his wife, their sons Joab and Jacob, the village minister, the Ropers, "Almiry Dow," the old maid dressmaker and gossip (about whom Nathan Roper opined that "the first thing Almiry will do when she gets to heaven will be to take one of the angels round behind the throne and inquire about all the others"), Jacob's wife, and the denizens of Slab Hollow are all types, too clearly defined to escape recognition. There are more than a few "smart" things said in the dialogue, and a general flavor of Down East shrewdness pervades the whole.

Father Fervent. By the Rev. John Bamford. (New York: Phillips & Hunt.) The successful man in material affairs often fails in Christian efforts for lack of that which has secured his success in business. This story illustrates that truth. It will call out many amens from the earnest Methodist, and secure the approval of other Christian workers. If the truth of the first chapter could be realized by all readers, the book would not have been written in vain. "Multiplying power" is the great need of all.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Several of Mrs. Barr's stories are in course of translation into French.

—The "Atlantic Monthly" announces a new serial story by Professor A. S. Hardy, to be begun in the September number under the title of "Passe Rose."

—Mr. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has been translated into French by Mrs. Will H. Low, the wife of the artist.

—"Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, of which we have already spoken at length, has been published in Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading (50 cents)

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its thirty seventh meeting at Cleveland, August 15–21. Mr. E. M. Avery, 407 Superior Street, is the local secretary.

—Harper & Brothers have added to their Franklin Square Library Mr. Black's new story, "The Adventures of a House Boat" It is said that Mr. Black has written a story every year for the last twenty five years.

—The new edition of the works of the German novelist Spielhagen, which is now coming from the press of Henry Holt & Co., will be likely to revive interest in one of the strongest and most suggestive novelists of the day. The same publishers have recently issued in their Leisure Hour Series Jessie Fothergill's "The Lasses of Leverhouse."

—Harper & Brothers have nearly ready Stepniak's new work, entitled "The Russian Peasantry: Their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion." Some of the earlier chapters appeared originally in the London "Times" and the "Fortnightly Review," but, with these taken out, there remains three-fourths of the work published now for the first time.

—A feature of James Freeman Clarke's life was his correspondence with Margaret Fuller. "From 1829 till 1833," he wrote, "I saw or heard from her almost every day. There was a family connection, and we called each other cousin. She needed a friend. She accepted me for this friend, and to me it was like a gift from the gods, an influence like no other."

—The "Publishers' Weekly" announces that a Gypsy-Lore Society has just been formed. The President is Mr. C. G. Leland, the Vice-President Mr. H. T. Crofton, and the members already include the Archduke Joseph of Hungary, Sir Richard Burton, M Paul Baitallard, Dr. Alexander Paspati, and several more English and Continental students of Romany. The Society will publish a quarterly journal, copies of which will be strictly confined to members.

—"It is reported," says the London "Standard," "that a wonderful collection of documents printed on papyrus has been discovered near the town of Arsinoé (Central Egypt), consisting of 100,000 documents and 20,000 plates or maps. These papers are printed in eleven different languages, and treat of a great number of questions, extending over a period of 2 700 years. The maps have been printed by means of wooden blocks. This discovery tends to prove that the art of printing was invented many centuries before Gutenberg."

—A writer in the "Critic," who has had a conversation with Mr. Laurence Oliphant since he arrived in this city, and who reports him as saying the heat here "is worse than in Syria, it parches one like the sirocco," reports him further as having declared: "I had hoped to find a possible publisher for my book ["Scientific Religion"] here, but I begin to despair. It isn't 'orthodox,' you know, so one publisher fears to touch it; another prefers something lighter—for summer reading perhaps; another finds that only 'sensations' pay. We are fallen on bad times, I fear; but I have faith, you see."

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

OUR Chicago correspondent gives some account of the proceedings of the Republican Convention in another column. In accordance with our expressed purpose to give our readers the platforms on which the three great parties—Republican, Democratic, and Prohibition—stand, we give herewith the full text of the platform unanimously adopted by the Republican Convention:

THE PLATFORM.

The Republicans of the United States, assembled by their delegates in National Convention, pause on the threshold of their proceedings to honor the memory of their first great leader, the immortal champion of liberty and the rights of the people—Abraham Lincoln—and to cover also with wreaths of imperishable remembrance and gratitude the heroic names of our later leaders who have more recently been called away from our councils—Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Logan, Conkling. May their memories be faithfully cherished. We also recall with our greetings and with prayer for his recovery the name of one of our living heroes whose memory will be treasured in the history both of Republicans and of the Republic—the name of that noble soldier and favorite child of victory, Philip H. Sheridan.

In the spirit of those great leaders, and of our own devotion to human liberty, and with that hostility to all forms of despotism and oppression which is the fundamental idea of the Republican party, we send fraternal congratulation to our fellow-Americans of Brazil upon their great act of emancipation, which completed the abolition of slavery throughout the two American Continents. We earnestly hope that we may soon congratulate our fellow-citizens of Irish birth upon the peaceful recovery of home rule for Ireland.

AN HONEST BALLOT

We reaffirm our unswerving devotion to the National Constitution and to the indissoluble union of the States; to the autonomy reserved to the States under the Constitution; to the personal rights and liberties of citizens in all the States and Territories in the Union, and especially to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections, and to have that ballot duly counted. We hold the free and honest popular ballot and the just and equal representation of all the people to be the foundation of our republican government, and demand effective legislation to secure the integrity and purity of elections, which are the fountains of all public authority. We charge that the present Administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by a criminal nullification of the constitutions and laws of the United States.

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM INDORSED.

We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection; we protest against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The protective system must be maintained. Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests except those of the usurer and the sheriff. We denounce the Mills bill as destructive to the general business, the labor and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily indorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican representatives in Congress in opposing its passage.

We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to that industry.

REPEAL INTERNAL REVENUE TAXES, IF NECESSARY.

The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the National revenue by repealing the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon the spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes; and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the Government, we favor the entire repeal of the internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system, at the joint behest of the Whisky Ring and the agents of foreign manufacturers.

CHINESE AND CONTRACT LABOR.

We declare our hostility to the introduction into this country of foreign contract labor, and of Chinese labor, alien to our civilization and our Constitution; and we demand the rigid enforcement of the existing laws against it, and favor such immediate legislation as will exclude such labor from our shores.

ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION.

We declare our opposition to all combinations of capital organized in trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens; and we recommend to Congress and the State Legislatures in their respective jurisdictions such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies or by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to market. We approve the legislation by Congress to prevent alike unjust burdens and unfair burdens and unfair discriminations between the States.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

We reaffirm the policy of appropriating the public lands of the United States to be homesteads for American citizens and settlers, not aliens, which the Republican party established in 1862, against the persistent opposition of the Democrats in Congress, and which has brought our great Western domain into such magnificent development. The restoration of unearned railroad land grants to the public domain for the use of actual settlers, which was begun under the administration of President Arthur, should be continued. We deny that the Democratic party has ever restored one acre to the people, but declare that by joint action of Republicans and Democrats about 28,000,000 of acres of unearned lands, originally granted for the construction of railroads, have been restored to the public domain, in pursuance of the conditions inserted by the Republican party in the original grants. We charge the Democratic Administration with failure to execute the laws securing to settlers titles to their homesteads, and with using appropriation made for that purpose to harass innocent settlers with spies and persecutions under the false pretense of exposing frauds and vindicating the law.

ADMISSION OF TERRITORIES

The government by Congress of the Territories is based upon necessity only, to the end that they may become States in the Union; therefore, whenever the conditions of the population, material resources, public intelligence, and morality are such as to insure a stable local government therein, the people of the Territories should be permitted, as a right inherent in them, the right to form for themselves constitutions and State governments, and be admitted into the Union. Pending the preparation for Statehood, all officers thereof should be selected from the *bona fide* residents and citizens of the Territory wherein they are to serve. South Dakota should, of right, be immediately admitted as a State in the Union, under the Constitution framed and adopted by her people, and we heartily indorse the action of the Republican Senate in twice passing bills for her admission. The refusal of the Democratic House of Representatives, for partisan purposes, to favorably consider these bills, is a willful violation of the sacred American principle of local self-government, and merits the condemnation of all just men. The pending bills in the Senate for acts to enable the people of Washington, North Dakota, and Montana Territories to form constitutions and establish State governments should be passed without unnecessary delay. The Republican party pledges itself to do all in its power to facilitate the admission of the Territories of New Mexico, Wyoming, Idaho, and Arizona to the enjoyment of self-government as States, such of them as are now qualified as soon as possible, and the others as soon as they may become so.

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

The political power of the Mormon Church in the Territories, as exercised in the past, is a menace to free institutions, a danger no longer to be suffered. Therefore we pledge the Republican party to appropriate legislation asserting the sovereignty of the Nation in all Territories where the same is questioned, and, in furtherance of that end, to place upon the statute books legislation stringent enough to divorce the political from the ecclesiastical power, and thus stamp out the attendant wickedness of polygamy.

BI-METALLISM.

The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic Administration in its efforts to demonetize silver.

REDUCTION OF POSTAL RATES.

We demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce.

FREE EDUCATION.

In a Republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free Nation; therefore, the State or Nation, or both combined, should support free institutions of learning sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education.

ARMY, NAVY, AND FORTIFICATIONS.

We earnestly recommend that prompt action be taken by Congress in the enactment of such legislation as will best secure the rehabilitation of our American merchant marine, and we protest against the passage by Congress of a free ship bill, as calculated to work injustice to labor by lessening the wages of those engaged in preparing materials as well as those directly employed in our shipyards. We demand appropriations for the early rebuilding of our navy; for the construction of coast fortifications and modern ordnance and other approved modern means of defense for the protection of our defenseless harbors and cities; for the payment of just pensions to our soldiers; for necessary works of National importance in the improvement of harbors and the channels of internal, coastwise, and foreign commerce; for the encouragement of the shipping interests of the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific States, as well as for the payment of the maturing public debt. This policy will give employment to our labor, activity to our various industries, increase the security of our country, promote trade, open new and direct markets for our products, and cheapen the cost of transportation. We affirm this to be far better for our country than the Democratic policy of loaning the Government's money without interest to "pet banks."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The conduct of foreign affairs by the present Administration has been distinguished by its inefficiency and its cowardice. Having withdrawn from the Senate all pending treaties effected by Republican Administration for the removal of foreign burdens and restrictions upon our commerce, and for its extension into better markets, it has neither effected nor proposed any others in their stead. Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine, it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America and of foreign trade everywhere among our neighbors. It has refused to charter, sanction, and encourage any American organization for constructing the Nicaragua Canal, a work of vital importance to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and of our National influence in Central and South America, and necessary for the development of trade, without Pacific territory, with South America and with the islands and further coasts of the Pacific Ocean.

THE FISHERIES QUESTION.

We arraign the present Democratic Administration for its weak and unpatriotic treatment of the fisheries question, and its pusillanimous surrender of the essential privileges to which our fishing vessels are entitled in Canadian ports under the treaty of 1818, the reciprocal maritime legislation of 1830, and the comity of nations, and which Canadian fishing vessels receive in the ports of the United States. We condemn the policy of the present Administration and the Democratic majority in Congress toward our fisheries as unfriendly and conspicuously unpatriotic, and as tending to destroy a valuable National industry and an indispensable resource of defense against a foreign enemy.

The name of American applies alike to all citizens of the Republic, and imposes upon all alike the same obligation of obedience to the laws. At the same time, that citizenship is and must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wears it, and protect him, whether high or low, rich or poor, in all his civil rights. It should and must afford him protection at home, and follow and protect him abroad in whatever land he may be on a lawful errand.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884 and continue to adhere to the Democratic party have deserted, not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom or purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: "The reform of the civil service auspiciously begun under the Republican Administration should be completed by the further extension of the reform system already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided."

PENSIONS.

The gratitude of the Nation to the defenders of the Union cannot be measured by laws. The legislation of Congress should conform to the pledge made by a loyal people, and be so enlarged and extended as to provide against the possibility that any man who honorably wore the Federal uniform should become an inmate of an almshouse or dependent upon private charity. In the presence of an overflowing Treasury it would be a public scandal to do less for those whose valorous service preserved the Government. We denounce the hostile spirit of President Cleveland in his numerous vetoes for measures for pension relief, and the action of the Democratic House of Representatives in refusing even a consideration of general pension legislation.

In support of the principles herewith enunciated we invite the co-operation of patriotic men of all parties, and especially of all workingmen, whose prosperity is seriously threatened by the free-trade policy of the present Administration.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LORD'S SUPPER AND BAPTISM.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

I would like just to indicate one point to you, without taking your time to enlarge upon it. It relates to your consideration of the Lord's Supper, May 8. Here permit me to state that I should grieve over any change in this department of The Christian Union. It comes to me week by week with rich spiritual suggestion. In commenting upon the lesson referred to, you close with the golden statement that the sacredness of the Supper depends upon "love in the heart of the believer." But I cannot help feeling that the article as a whole makes an undesirable impression by not giving sufficient weight to the fact that *the church is itself Christ's family*. He taught that he came to establish a new family relationship, with a new bond: "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother." And in the Epistles the church is called his family. From this point of view, the argument from the passover, instead of weakening the obligation of church membership, and the proper official observance of the Supper, increases it. The minister is official head in this family. What does suitable regard to the *family* demand? First of all, repentance, confession of Christ, and *Baptism*. The tendency in our time is to think too lightly of the obligation of church membership, and it is unfortunate that this tendency should be promoted, particularly at this point, the sacred rite of the *family*—the Lord's Supper. A. T. C.

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FINANCIAL.

The money markets at home and abroad are not materially changed. The gain of the banks here, from week to week, during the month of June is such as to preclude any probability of any approach to activity until late in the year, if at all during 1888 The Government has purchased its own bonds to the extent of several million dollars during the past ten days, which has the effect to prevent any accumulation of funds in the Treasury, while the payments to be made in July will set free large sums of money, both on interest account and on account of the pensions to be distributed under the various pension acts, so that the plethora of money will probably be more pronounced in July and August than it has been in May and June The rates—both in the London and New York markets—are down to one per cent., leaving no difference on which to base gold shipments, though, if anything, funds are more profitably employed in the States than in Europe at the present. The incidental shipments of gold are on special account, the rates of exchange being such as to forbid profit by exports in the regular way. It looks now as if the slight movement of gold which has taken place thus far during the season would end it; at best but a few millions more can go, and probably not any more. The merchandise exports have been very fair during the past week, and the aggregate for the year—from this port—falls but little short of the amount during the same period of 1887. May probably shows a balance against us of some few millions, but we may soon look for a change in this particular. The Government Bureau of Statistics has given its estimate of crop prospects, indicating a growing probability of a fair average in the wheat yield, notwithstanding the short crop of winter wheat; while the promise for corn—considering the increased acreage and the continued hot weather in the West—is very flattering; it is now believed that we shall have the largest corn crop ever raised in this country. Corn is the crop of all others for railway transportation, and with a great crop of corn comes also a great year for cattle raising Indeed the corn crop frequently turns the scale in business from dullness and sluggishness to activity and prosperity. If, as is now predicted confidently, there should be added to a phenomenal corn crop a great cotton crop, we might feel that 1889 will be a propitious for the railways as 1888 is proving to be adverse, yet, after all, the railways, as a rule, are doing well now; only in sections of the country where the old companies have built competing lines and in the Northwest and Southwest are we troubled with complaint of reduced earnings. Of course, if the State Legislatures are going to enact oppressive laws, and attempt to arbitrarily control the business of railways by Granger statutes, without reason and without any knowledge of the requirements and conditions of railways, why, then, the best of natural prosperity may not be able to overcome this species of oppression which, though short lived, is bitter and drastic. It may be useless to remind State Commissioners that all such despotism reacts, in these days, against the oppressor, and in whatever State injustice is, it will be found that from that State capital will be withdrawn, and no new enterprises will be undertaken. States as well as individuals can, metaphorically speaking, "bite their own noses off." The trouble, for ten years and over, with the South was that it repelled capital by its narrow and suppressing policy, but since it has shown itself reasonable and inviting, capital has found its way South, until there is a practical revolution going on in manufactures, railways, mining interests, and even in agricultural developments. The feeling at the Stock Exchange is better this week than for some time past, and there seems to be growing disposition to banish the pessimistic views that have ruled during the past six weeks and entertain brighter prospects. Prices are so low that there is no room for lower depths, while speculators and investors alike are understanding the situation better. The political convention in Chicago has not, at this writing, accomplished anything, and may not for some days.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$2,803,100
Specie, decrease	$394,400
Legal tenders, decrease	25,400
Deposits, increase	1,898,000
Reserve, decrease	894,300

Leaving surplus reserve of city banks at $27,560,400

WALL STREET

GRAND EXCURSIONS TO CALIFORNIA.

The Burlington Route is the official route for the teachers bound for the National Educational Meeting at San Francisco. Join the splendid official excursion parties from New York, Pennsylvania, Brooklyn, New England, Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, leaving Chicago July 3d 5th, 8th 9th, and 10th. Magnificent trains, free chair cars, Pullman and tourist sleepers, etc. The public entitled to one fare for this occasion. For further information write E J Swords, 317 Broadway, New York City; H. D. Badgley, 306 Washington St., Boston, Mass., or address P S Eustis G. P. & T. A., C, B. & Q. R R, Chicago, Illinois.

THE GUARANTEE

LOAN & TRUST CO.,

OF KANSAS CITY, MO.,

Would like to give you valuable information regarding opportunities for investments of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS or more in guaranteed FARM MORTGAGES paying Seven Per Cent. net, in KANSAS NATIONAL BANK STOCKS paying TWENTY per Cent. or more, and easily convertible into cash, or in any other line of solid securities you may prefer. Please write to JOHN HALL, President, 601 Baird Building, Kansas City, Mo. (Send for references. Mention this paper.)

BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL

REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,

365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Investments made. Money loaned. Interest coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

SAFEST OF ALL

INVESTMENTS.

First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest Coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for Form, Circular, and reference before you invest elsewhere.

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Kansas City Investments,

paying a good percentage and rapidly enhancing in value, a specialty.

FIVE YEAR REAL ESTATE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

in sums of $1,000 and upward, bearing 8 PER CENT. interest, payable semi annually. We guarantee both interest and principal.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT ABSOLUTELY SAFE,

and secured by Real Estate bearing 8 per cent. interest per annum, in sums of $100 and upward. Send for prospectus and pocket edition of Kansas City. Address

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

KANSAS INVESTMENT CO

OF TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Paid-Up Capital and Surplus, $550,000.

DEBENTURE BONDS

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.

Absolute Safety. Good Rates

For references and further particulars address

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GEO. C. MORRELL, Vice-Pres't,

Topeka, Kan.

01 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

N. Y. Agency, HAYES & CO., No. 1 Broadway.

GEO. H. LEWIS, Prest. Capital paid up, $130,000
ROBT. P. MAYNARD, Sec. Capital authorized, 400,000

THE LEWIS INVESTMENT CO.,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Negotiates First Mortgage Loans on inspected farms in Iowa and Eastern Nebraska, and on first-class city real estate in Des Moines, Omaha, and Sioux City. Fifteen years' experience without loss to any investor. We are loaning for several of the leading insurance companies, savings banks, and colleges of the East, and many private institutions. References: Hon. Charles Dewey, Pres't of Nat'l Life Ins. Co., Montpelier, Vt.; E. L. Temple, Treas. Marble Savings Bank Rutland, Vt.; Hon. M. L. Morrison, Treas. Peterborough, N. H.; Rev. Robt. A. Hume, Ahmednager, India; Prof. H. A. Newton, New Haven, Conn.; A. J. Newton, Brooklyn, N. Y., and many others

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Capital, $750,000
Surplus, $355,010

Principal and interest both fully guaranteed by Capital and Surplus of $1,105,016. In seventeen years of business we have loaned $11,494,600, paying from interest, $7,056,800 of interest and principal have been returned to investors without delay or the loss of a dollar. Real Estate First Mortgage and Debenture Bonds and Savings Certificates always on hand for sale—In Savings Departments, in amounts of $5 and upward; in the Mortgage Department, $300 and upward. Full information regarding our various securities furnished by

6% to 12%

J. B. WATKINS LAND MORTGAGE CO.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS; or

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Real Estate Loans

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Personal examination and conservative valuations made before placing.

DES MOINES IS 350 MILES WEST OF CHICAGO, 266 NORTH OF KANSAS CITY, 200 SOUTH OF SAINT PAUL, 150 EAST OF OMAHA.

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THE COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE, AN ORGANIZATION OF THE LEADING BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF DES MOINES, IOWA, INVITES CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARTIES SEEKING NEW LOCATION OR WISHING TO ENGAGE IN MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISES IT WILL FURNISH FULL INFORMATION REGARDING A CITY WITH A POPULATION OF 45,000 PEOPLE SIXTEEN LINES OF RAILROADS, COAL AT 50 CENTS PER TON AND MANY OTHER ADVANTAGES WHICH ARE DESTINED TO MAKE IT THE LEADING INDUSTRIAL CENTER WEST OF CHICAGO. YOUNG MEN ESPECIALLY ARE ASKED TO ADDRESS

J E CLAREY, ACTING SEC'Y.

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INSURE YOUR LIFE AS YOU INSURE YOUR PROPERTY,

Each year by itself, but with the right to renew the insurance as long as you live, by payments adjusted to cover the cost of the risk during each term selected and paid for. You can do this by taking a renewable term policy in the

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York.

HOME OFFICE, Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, New York City

The safest, most economical, and fairest system of life insurance attainable.

Among all life insurance companies the Provident Savings shows the largest ratios of assets to liabilities and the smallest ratios of payments for death claims and expenses to amount insured.

WM. E. STEVENS, Secretary. SHEPPARD HOMANS, President.

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Send for prospectus. Good Agents wanted.

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BANKING COMPANY

TOPEKA KANSAS

JOHN GUTHRIE, Prest. J. N. STRICKLER, Cashier
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negotiates First Mortgage Loans on real estate. All interest payable semi annually in New York Exchange Liberal rates of interest and no expense to parties holding securities offered by this Company. Every precaution taken to make securities SAFE and to INSURE PROMPT PAYMENT of PRINCIPAL and INTEREST. SEND FOR OUR PAMPHLET.

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In our Real Estate Bonds in sums of $100 and upwards, draws 8% Interest Semi-annually and at same time participates in profits sure to aggregate 100 per cent. ADDITIONAL at maturity. Most popular Investments ever offered. Ample Security. No risk. "Good as Gold." Send for particulars.

WINFIELD LAND AND MORTGAGE CO., Box 1306. Philadelphia, Penn.

$INVESTED$

THE FARNSWORTH LOAN AND REALTY CO.,

Offer carefully selected choice

6% 1ST MORTGAGE LOANS 8%

in Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character our invariable requirements. Collections free. Send for pamphlet with forms and references East and West.

MINNEAPOLIS, 7% MINNESOTA.

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Capital Stock, Paid up - - $600,000

6 PER CENT. *FIRST MORTGAGE* DEBENTURE BONDS

and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic N. Y. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. Girard Life Ins. Assn & Trust Co., Philadelphia Broadway National Bank, Boston. Chartered 1872. The amount of outstanding obligation Limited by Statute.

6% GUARANTEED 7%

We invite persons wishing investments absolutely safe to examine the securities of the

American Investment Company.

Assets October 1, 1887, $1,833,909.

All loans and debentures fully guaranteed. Full information given by

A. L. ORMSBY, H. E. SIMMONS, Vice-Pres'ts.

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

A SOLID 9 PER CENT

per annum first mortgages on productive Real Estate. Loans approved by Tacoma National Bank. BEST OF REFERENCES EAST AND WEST. Correspondence Solicited. Address ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society,

JANUARY 1, 1888.

Assets, - -	$84,378,904
Liabilities, 4 per cent.	66,274,650
Surplus, - -	$18,104,254

The Society exceeds every other leading life assurance company in the following particulars:

Largest Percentage of Assets to Liabilities—viz. 127⅓ per cent

Largest Increase in Assets during 1887—viz., $8,868,432.

Largest Income—viz., $23,240,849.

Largest Premium Receipts—viz., $19,115,775.

Excess of Income over Disbursements during the year—$9,101,695.

ALL POLICIES ISSUED BY THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY BECOME ABSOLUTELY INDISPUTABLE WHEN THEY ARE THREE YEARS OLD.

THE FREE TONTINE POLICY

HAS ALL THE ADVANTAGES AND GUARANTEES WHICH CAN BE SAFELY UNITED, AND IS WITHOUT RESTRICTION ON TRAVEL, RESIDENCE, AND OCCUPATION OF THE POLICY-HOLDER AFTER THE FIRST YEAR. IT IS

INDISPUTABLE

AFTER THE SECOND YEAR, AND PAYABLE IMMEDIATELY UPON RECEIPT OF SATISFACTORY PROOFS OF DEATH.

H. B. HYDE, PRESIDENT.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, VICE-PRES'T.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

AN ATTEMPT AT COMPROMISE.

Mrs Ellen Coit Elliott:

DEAR MADAM—I have just finished your delightful paper on the fence question and I want you to know that I am in entire sympathy with the views that you express. What would this country be without fences and the delightful associations connected with them as presented by you! It is the dooryard fences that I war with to the death and to the bitter end. I feel sure that when you draw the picture of the dooryard fence as it now exists you will be on my side, and I trust you will be in at the death. We'll compromise on the question of the playhouse full of broken dishes, rag dolls, dirt pies, and replace them in some way or furnish substitutes, that our villages may have more of the lawn-like appearance as we walk or drive through them.

Now, from the financial standpoint you can easily build in your imagination such splendid playhouses for the children, and many substitutes, that will be covered by the cost of the fences and the repairs and painting ten times over. I pray you enlist on our side and give us other papers on this subject.

The dooryard fences must go, and I am sure that the next generation will rise up and call us blessed for our efforts in this direction. Yours very truly,

THE DESK.

To "The Desk:"

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your cordial letter. As to "compromising," it was your own most uncompromising crusade that fired me to take up the cudgels in opposition. But, speaking dispassionately, I suppose a fence has two sides as well as other things. After committing myself so unmistakably in my "Defense," you will hardly expect me to own up at once that I abominate the dooryard fence—though you so persuasively invite me to do so—and I think I shall have said all that my sense of consistency (and indeed my conscience, too) allows when I admit that while to my mind the abolition of fences would tend to annihilate—especially in children—a certain desirable sense of home privacy and ownership, it would, considered æsthetically, vastly improve the village yards and streets. The question is, doubtless, which considerations shall have the more weight with us, those which appeal to our sense of beauty or those which relate to subtler but no less real and important feelings.

Perhaps the dooryard fence must go, as you say. I am not at all sure of it, but I am willing to wait and see. Sooner or later the instincts of the people bring them out right in such matters; so if it should go irrecoverably I shall conclude that my feeling must have been a bit of old-fogyism. Very truly yours,

ELLEN COIT ELLIOTT.

A WORD TO GRUMBLING CONTRIBUTORS.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne extends this liberal invitation through the medium of "Belford's Magazine:"

"I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterwards, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars to the Home for Imbeciles if twenty-five dollars does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them."

FOURTH WEEK IN JUNE.

Here comes hot weather. Up goes the mercury. Most people suffer that forlorn feeling of good for-nothing lassitude and languor which makes them feel as if they were lazy. It is not laziness, though. It is the weariness that comes of the heat, and of the clogging of the blood during the winter months. But you might as well get rid of it, and be strong, so as to enjoy the summer. Then there are other ailments which this hot weather brings: congestion of the liver; bilious headaches; indigestion; cholera-morbus and other bowel-disorders are in season. A variety of skin disorders also cause trouble about this time, showing that the blood needs purifying. Red rash, pimples, and other surface indications tell of the disturbed condition of things beneath the skin.

To keep the whole body in perfect order at this season, there is nothing so efficient or so pleasant as Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient. By long and successful use it has become the great household medicine. It is the king of the family medicine-chest. It is the companion of the most judicious people when they travel. On land or at sea; in the steamboat or on the Pullman car; at home or in the summer-resort hotel, Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient is always ready for instant use; always acceptable; always efficacious. Buy of the druggist, and never be without it.

An Overheard Conversation.

"A charming location for a summer resort." "Where?" "Why, Fort Griswold-on-the-Sound, opposite New London; it's a first-class hotel without mosquitoes and at moderate prices." "What else?" "Beautiful drives, ample stable room rocky coast, and cozy beaches for bathing. Ten of the coziest cottages imaginable. No glare, as at all sandy coasts. Low temperature; absolutely no mosquitoes. Children's playgrounds, fine boating and fishing." "How about the table?" "Never saw better in my life; every delicacy and no extortionate charges."—[Evening Telegraph.

WANTED--MANAGER!

By well known Publishers. Will control large stock of goods and handle considerable money. Cash deposit of $300 to $800 and references required. Salary $1,200 to $2,000. Address

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L. C. HOPKINS, President; JNO. J. DONALDSON, Vice-Pres't and Treas.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL WAREROOMS,

827-829 Broadway, New York.

Branch Houses: 199 Broadway, New York (Western Union Building), and 366 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

We ask especial attention to our Sanatory Woolen Sheets and Summer Blankets! These delicate, white cashmere, and light, soft, woolen Sheets, and our light, camel's hair, warmth preserving Summer Blankets, are two especially important features of the Jaeger System.

At the sea shore, on shipboard, in the mountains (in Summer), in a word, everywhere where cotton and linen sheets absorb and hold moisture to the great discomfort and peril of the slumberer, these Camel-hair Summer Blankets, also these Cashmere and Woolen Sheets, are never cold, clammy, or chilling, but are always *grateful to the touch*, and eminently preventive of the *colds, chills, rheumatic and pulmonary affections* so seemingly inseparable from the use of cotton or linen bedding in moisture laden atmospheres.

We solicit personal examination of these peculiarly meritorious articles, without which it is impossible to obtain an adequate idea of their extraordinary excellence. They are partially described and illustrated in our *Catalogue*, which will be sent free by mail on application. Samples of material also sent by mail.

Orders for goods, by mail or express, and letters of inquiry, should be addressed to

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.

827 & 829 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Germantown, Pa, June 19, 1888.

LAWSON VALENTINE CO.:

Gentlemen,—

"60" is splendid!

Easy to work, and dries hard and firm!

Rubs in half the time required by other varnishes!

GERMANTOWN CARRIAGE WORKS.

LIFE-JACKETS.

A man often illustrates by his own behavior the difference between moral and physical courage. He is brave enough calmly to face dangers that threaten his life, and yet he has not sufficient courage to encounter the ridicule of his comrades.

An illustration is given by the deep-sea fishermen who supply London with fresh fish. They trawl on the Dogger Bank, a shoal in the German Ocean, between England and Denmark. It is about one hundred and seventy miles north and south by sixty-five miles east and west. About twelve thousand men are employed in this fishery, and each smack stays eight weeks on the Bank, and then returns to port to refit.

The catch of fish, packed in one-hundred-pound boxes, is sent every two or three days to Billingsgate by steamers. The boxes are transferred from the smacks to the steamer in small boats, and in rough weather the transshipment is such dangerous work that many lives are lost in the ferrying.

A benevolent gentleman who saw the process was so much impressed with its perils that he spoke to the owner of a large fleet about lessening the danger.

"We lose, on an average, thirty-five men every year in ferrying fish," said the owner.

"But don't you think many lives could be saved if life-belts were worn," asked the gentleman.

"No doubt, but the men won't wear them; they are afraid of being laughed at and called cowards."

"In other words, they won't wear them because they *are* cowards," suggested the gentleman.

"Yes, I suppose that is the truth," said [illegible]

It was the truth. The brave fishermen were wanting in the moral courage which could face ridicule. The gentleman made a note of the fact, and when, at a later day, fishing vessels came under his control, he made it a rule not to engage a man unless he agreed to wear a life jacket while ferrying fish. His action prompted other owners to provide life jackets for their men and to insist that they should be worn.

GREAT FEATS OF MEMORY

Idiots have been known whose memory for names and words was so retentive that they could repeat a sermon verbatim, and indicate where the preacher blew his nose and coughed while delivering it.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the linguist, who is said to have known a hundred languages, declared that he never forgot a word he had once learned.

To a friend who congratulated Leyden on his remarkable memory he replied that he often found it a source of great inconvenience. On the friend expressing surprise, he exclaimed that he had often wished to recollect a particular expression in something he had read, but could not do it until he had repeated the whole passage from the beginning to the expression he desired to recall.

An English clergyman mentions a man who could remember the day of the burial of every person who had died in the parish during thirty-five years, and could also repeat the name and age of each deceased person and the names of the mourners at his funeral. But so weak was he intellectually that he could not be trusted to feed himself.

Dr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary, and the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of negroes. Shortly after he had finished he saw a number of negroes gathered about a simple-minded young savage. He went to them and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the precise words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the missionary.—[Exchange.

MARION HARLAND'S OPINION.

Readers of The Christian Union are familiar not only with the sprightly writings of Marion Harland but also with her sound common sense upon matters of every-day life and action. Her name, indeed, is a household word, and is equally well known in parlor and kitchen. Her celebrated cook book is without a peer, and shows that she has made a careful study of how to prepare good, wholesome food in the best manner by the best materials. In this issue we produce a fac-simile letter from Marion Harland that speaks in the highest terms of the unequaled qualities of the Royal Baking Powder. Housewives everywhere should read the opinion of such an expert and act accordingly. All good cooks, who have used the Royal, are of the same opinion also.

A LETTER FROM MARION HARLAND.

[FAC SIMILE.]

I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen, three years ago, I have used no other in making biscuits, cake, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home made combination of one-third soda, two-thirds cream of tartar.

Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

Brooklyn Nov 30, 1887. Marion Harland,

SIXTY

Registered Jerseys, Houghton Farm Herd, for sale at the Farm, Mountainville, Orange County, N. Y. For particulars and list of animals address

J. H. FULLER,
30 Lafayette Place,
New York City.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING.

The Original! Beware of Imitations!

AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE and

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.
Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition.

CURE for the DEAF by Peck's Pat. Improved Cushioned Ear Drums. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

C. U.
Binder

The new Handy Binder for your file of THE CHRISTIAN UNION will be mailed to you on receipt of SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. Address

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Manufacture the finest grade of
CHURCH, CHIME, AND PEAL BELLS.

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MEN'S UNLAUNDERED SHIRTS, 74c.
LADIES' & CHILDREN'S MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

ALL MANUFACTURED ON THE PREMISES.
BEST MATERIAL AND CONSCIENTIOUS WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

LINEN GOODS

OF ALL KINDS,

Blankets, Flannels, Lace Curtains,

BLACK AND COLORED

SILKS, SATINS, PLUSHES,

DRESS GOODS.

TIN, WOODENWARE, CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE, CUTLERY AND HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Ladies', Misses', and Children's Shoes.

BOYS' AND YOUTH'S CLOTHING.

FISHING TACKLE

AT FULLY ONE-THIRD LESS THAN USUALLY CHARGED.

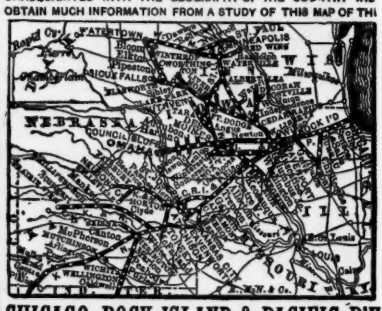
MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

NEW CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED.

MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 10 CENTS.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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"Great Rock Island Route."

Extends West and Southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to NELSON, HORTON,, BELLEVILLE, TOPEKA, HERINGTON, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, and all points in **KANSAS AND SOUTHERN NEBRASKA** and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. All safety appliances and modern improvements.

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Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its Watertown branch traverses the great **"WHEAT AND DAIRY BELT"** of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Central Dakota to Watertown, Spirit Lake, Sioux Falls and many other towns and cities.

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Mention this paper. Baltimore, Md.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

Baccalaureate sermons were preached last Sunday by President Dwight at Yale; by President Bartlett at Dartmouth; by President Seelye at Amherst; by President Potter at Hobart; by the Rev. Dr. S D. McConnell, of Philadelphia, at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn; by President Carter at Williams; by the Rev. Dr. A. S. Hunt at Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn.; by President Knox at Lafayette; and by President Hyde at Bowdoin All these and several other institutions will have their Commencement and anniversary exercises this week.——An account of the exercises attending the inauguration of Dr. Patton as President of Princeton College will be found elsewhere.——At Cornell the graduating class numbered 127. Fourteen took the degree of A.B., 9 the degree of Ph.B., 29 the degree of B S, 20 the degree of C.E, 14 the degree of M.E., 9 the degree of LL B., and 8 the degree of E E. The Board of Trustees elected William H. Sage, Jr., as trustee for the next five years, and voted to build a big stone building for civil engineering and architecture. A field for athletic sports and a brick annex to the gymnasium were also provided for. The alumni elected D. E. Salmon, of Washington, as alumni trustee, and made provisions for accepting President White's conditional offer of $10,000 for an alumni hall.——At Wellesley the annual address was delivered by the Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The subject was "Truth," Mr. Breckinridge taking his text from the book of Esdras in the Apocrypha, which appropriately dealt with the struggles of the three Israelite students in their search for truth.——At Brown University the Board of Trustees elected to fill vacancies in the Board Messrs. H. L. Maynard, F. A. Gaskell, J. P. Earle, and B. F. Thurston. President Robinsonin his annual address referred at length to the progress at the University, and to the introduction of degrees to follow upon examination.——At Rutgers College degrees were conferred as follows: Doctor of Divinity, the Rev. Graham Taylor, '70, Professor of Practical Theology in the Theological Seminary of Hartford, Conn.; the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, the Hon. Henry Bookstaver, New York.——Hamilton College graduated a class of twenty-nine last week. Among the honorary degrees conferred were: Pn.D., the Rev. James Hague, of Hackensack, and Professor Germaine G Porter, of Cincinnati; D.D., the Rev. Robert Bachman, of Utica, and the Rev. William Rogers Terrett, of Saratoga Springs; LL.D, Daniel Beach, of Watkins.——At the commencement of Marietta College this week, there will be exercises commemorative of the life and services of ex-President Rev. Israel Ward Andrews, DD., LL D.—— At the alumni dinner at Rochester University, Dr. Bright, President of the Board of Trustees said that a call had been extended to the Rev Dr. Hill, of Lewisburg University, Pennsylvania, to succeed Dr. Anderson. It is not definitely settled whether Dr Hill will accept.—— Drury College graduated six students last week. President Ingalls delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon. He was inaugurated on Wednesday, June 13 ——At Beloit College President Eaton preached the Baccalaureate on June 17. The Rev. John P. Hale, of Chicago, delivered the annual address before the Christian Association. During the year advances have been made in the Department of Natural Sciences, large additions having been made to the apparatus. Professor C. W. Pearson has been appointed Professor of Modern Languages.——Commencement exercises at Rockford Seminary were held June 20. There were nine graduates from the College and Seminary courses, and nine from the Musical Department. The Rev. Dr. Little, of Chicago, preached the Baccalaureate sermon June 17. General regret is expressed at the loss of Miss Hilliard, for some years the efficient and popular Principal. Her place is to be filled by Miss Geiston, of Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE AVERAGE MAN'S VERDICT.

I am of average intelligence, average culture, average income, average prejudices. I hit the *juste milieu*. What prompts me to buy a magazine? I approach the question the more readily because, as the Congregationalist ministers say nowadays when they approach the discussion of the use of a ritual, "my position on this point is, on the whole, a meliorating one." I buy on impulse.

No doubt the craving for good literature influences me in the long run, and no doubt I am influenced by persistent advertising in a particular purchase; but neither of these motives counts for much in swaying my average mind. I open the magazine on the counter of some bookstore or as it alights in my lap with a whirl from the deft hand of the train-boy. I take it up because I have some pleasant associations with the color of the cover, or with the name. If in the list of writers I see some name which awakens in me reminiscences of a pleasant quarter of an hour I give my money. 'Tis a little matter decides me.

Do not say that I buy for the sake of amusement, and must be guaranteed beforehand. I enjoy the flavor of delicate viands, but I am shy of new cooks. Nor an anybody predict that a new dish will please me.

Therefore, angry writer, blame no longer the patient editor who rejects your story, which you are sure I would like and buy. I am inscrutable. One can judge of extremes, but not of the average man. Consider well that if any one could predict my likings, such an one would not long remain an editor, nor even a publisher. He who could read a novel in manuscript and say, "The average man will buy this. Print thirty thousand;" he who could accurately cast the horoscope of a book, would be possessed of the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." He would be daily more valuable than all writers, for he could forecast the literary future. Such a man is not possible, for he would be able to predict my action, which is more than I can do myself. Perhaps his coming would disturb the intellectual economy of the world. He will not come.

The other day you told me wrathfully that an editor told you that he would readily give Browning five dollars a line for a copy of verses which he would not print if he were forced to withhold the poet's name at the bottom, and were certain that the secret of the authorship would not leak out. Blame the editor no longer as "purblind and sordid and commercial," but recognize that he frankly admits his human fallibility, and say, "Brother, I too am fallible;" for I myself, the arbiter of literary reputation, I the average man, say boldly that I should not read the verses unless the name were appended.—[Atlantic Monthly.

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Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887		1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums		$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,672,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 25	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:		
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Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise		1,559,100 00
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Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		1,362,966 07
Cash in Bank		316,192 40
Amount		$12,287,263 35

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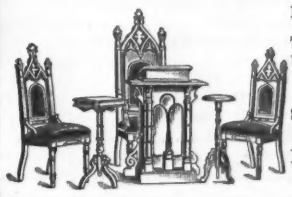

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